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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

SOUTHERN BOASTING.

From The (Richmond) South.

As Southern men, we look with great equanimity upon this financial revulsion. It will tend to elucidate the great problem whether the North or South is most dependent upon each other. We have had elaborate essays from Northern authors, stuffed with statistics, to prove the dependence of the South upon the North. It was intended to encourage the North to press the question of slavery to universal emancipation, on the ground that the South could not exist without the protection of the North. We have learned from Philosopher Greeley that the keg of the North was worth more than the cotton of the South, and that the introduction of flax, under a patent of manufacture in which he was interested would soon supersede the use of cotton. We can now ask where are the boasted resources of the North? Why does she not export clocks and shoes and relieve herself? Why does she not send out a few cargoes of hay and replenish her coffers exhausted of specie.

The present crisis will show that the *slave labour staples of the South* will furnish the means of extrication from commercial indebtedness. It will show the South comparatively free from dis ress or embarrassment—able to ride out the storm which the speculation of the North has caused. How, then, can the North censure that labour to which she will owe her commercial existence? How can she prate of her independence when, but for the aid of Southern resources, she would stand a branded bankrupt before the world? This financial revulsion, filling her land with beggary and shame, will teach the North a lesson of commercial morality. It may cause her men of capital, and her disbanded labouring thousands, now contemplating an approaching winter with terror, to recoil from that chasm of disunion into which such advisers and such arguments as we have referred to would drive her, with indignation and horror.

This cup of humiliation, bitter though it may be, will be thus made salutary. It will save the South from much persecution. It will prolong—perhaps, rather, perpetuate—the duration of the Union, by awakening the dictates of common sense, if not the impulses of sectional gratitude. We wish, therefore, the lessons of this financial trial to be perfectly apparent, and will for that purpose endure our share of its evils until they correct themselves by the reaction of the national energies and the restoration of economy and prudence. But whilst we are ready to cooperate in any legitimate political or commercial measures which may alleviate the pressure in any part of the Republic, we must assure our Know-Nothing friends that we never felt less inclined to surrender our Free Trade principles and convictions for the benefit of the Free Soil shoemakers of Massachusetts than at present. And we would venture even to remind them that, as Southern men, before falling back upon that system of class legislation and special bounties, which nations of the highest experience and civilization have tried and abandoned, they should require some guarantee of their security. For, we know many Southern Whigs who, in a state of sectional harmony, would have consented to pay an enhanced tax for the purpose of building up a national interest, but who, when the Free Soil manufacturer comes to him with a demand for an additional gratuity, is not prepared, like the craven Jew, to

> ———Bend low, and in a bondsman's key,
> With bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
>
> Say this:
>
> "Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last—
> You spurned me such a day. Another time
> You called me dog, and for these courtesies
> *I'll lend you thus much monies.*"

[The following items may serve as a warning to *The South* that its boastings are premature.]

PRICES.—The pressure upon cotton, tobacco and "niggers" is fearful. The price of the latter in Virginia have fallen thirty-three per cent., and no sale at that.

The Greenville (S. C.) *Enterprise* says that negro property has depreciated at least 25 per cent. in that district within a month past. Several causes have combined to lower the price. The panic in the financial market, and the consequent fall in the price of cotton, have contributed in a great measure to produce the depreciation of negro property.

THE SOUTH.—The *Journal of Commerce* of this morning says "the South is in repose." The following is an extract of a letter from one of the first drug houses in Mobile:

"It is impossible to sell first-rate business notes at any price, and if 1,000 bales of cotton were offered at five cents per pound, cash, it could not be disposed of."—*Evening Post, Saturday.*

EFFECTS OF ABOLITION IN THE CHURCHES.

THE recent meeting of the Synod of Virginia, in Washington City, has disclosed more facts about the progress of the divisive spirit of Abolitionism in the Churches at all open to the inroads of that destructive folly of the times. Happily, the Episcopal Church has, at yet, been exempt from these distractions. The Reformed Dutch, too, have moved along with dignity and unanimity. Other important denominations have kept steadily to their spiritual faith, rejecting "doubtful disputations." The Methodists and Baptists have indeed been rent asunder, with no advantage to themselves or to the slaves. The Old School Presbyterians as yet, hang together, though uneasy spirits are murmuring among them. If the Abolitionists can get their Assembly to meet in their own hot region of Ohio, for instance, they will strain every nerve to inflame that venerable body. The sore is festering where Black Republicanism rules. Last May, the New School Assembly met at Cleveland, the focal point of the lurid conflagration, and they came down on their Southern brethren with a vengeance. Self-respect forbade the latter any longer to submit to the imperious and unconstitutional demands made upon them. Accordingly, they have seceded from their brethren, and are preparing to consolidate themselves under a new organization that shall be free from those inflammatory elements so destructive to their peace and prosperity. They have found this course absolutely necessary to the successful prosecution of the work of the ministry among the Southern people. Men out of the Church cannot understand why the clergy should be interfering with an institution purely civil and secular, the burdens and responsibilities of which, fall not on the Church, but on the State. They expect, indeed, that pastors will busy themselves about the souls of the slaves—a work sufficiently important to engross all the time they have to spare—and they grant all facilities for this work; but the less important temporal department they prefer to reserve to themselves. Let every man confine himself to his own proper sphere. Then the affairs both of Church and State, would go on much more prosperously—there would be no confusion—and the highest aspirations of a true philanthropy would thus be more effectually attained.

In the recent action of the Synod of Virginia there was remarkable unanimity, though among the Churches of Washington, which belong to it, there are differences of opinion on the subject of slavery. There are probably no Perpetualists, clerical or laical, and few Immediatists except those who have emigrated there from the most rabid Abolition States. We learn that while the Washington and Baltimore ministers did not heartily cooperate with their more Southern brethren, they did not separate from them. They are strongly attached to the General Assembly, not on account of its Abolitionism, but for personal reasons, and especially because quite an amount of funds for building some of their Churches has been drawn from Northern Congregations in connection with the Assembly. As to promoting any agitation of the slavery question in their pulpits, or any sort of political discussion, they have been as far from it as possible. The Halls of Congress present a surfeit of all this, and when members of the Government attend Church, they seek relief from the perpetual jargon of politics in the spiritual manifestations of the messengers of peace and salvation. Nor do they seek in vain. We find little political preaching South of Pennsylvania. We have never heard that even the strongest pro-slavery preachers have condescended to defend their people, in the sacred desk, from the violent assaults of the anti-slavery preachers in the North. Their style of preaching is less philosophical, less "æsthetic," less of the essay stamp, but more biblical, doctrinal, practical, and direct to the consciences of their hearers. Their very labours for the good of the blacks constrain them to study the adaptation of divine truth to the necessities of this humble class, and the influence thus created operates with benignant power on the mind of more intelligent hearers. Having shaken off the embraces of Abolitionism, they are now prepared to devote themselves with greater advantage and energy to the peculiar work which belongs to them as ministers of the gospel.—*Journal of Commerce.*

Selections.

THE EXILED NEGROES IN CANADA.

Report of The Tribune's Special Commissioner.

IV.

GENERAL SOCIAL CONDITION—HEALTH.

IN our account of the coloured people of Canada we have stated only what we saw, or what was given us on undoubted authority. We were unprepared for a state of things so favourable. That others, looking at them from a different point of view, may see them in a different light, is probable—indeed, certain. The blacks must have among them their quota of idle, the vicious and the degraded. There can be no doubt that some, disappointed in their expectations and pinched by the climate, look back with regret upon their condition in the States; but what does this prove? The condition of the Irish and German labouring man is, as a rule, greatly ameliorated by emigration to the United States, yet how many of them can we find longing for the old country or the fatherland, and declaring that they did better and were happier at home. It is certain that the material and social condition of the coloured people is better in Canada than anywhere in the States. There is among them a manlier tone of feeling, more avenues open to exertion, more intelligence, higher culture. This is most seen among the older residents, and will be still more marked among those who have been born and educated in the Provinces. Something, too, of this depends upon the character of the emigration there. It is a mistake to think that the fugitive slave only finds a refuge in Canada; many of the most intelligent of the free coloured people, who have acquired in the Union some capital by their industry, seek in Canada more liberal institutions and a better education for their children. Many, too, who find it to their interest to pursue their avocations in the States during a part of the year, have their permanent homes on the other side of the border.

In Toronto and Hamilton, we heard among the coloured men the opinion frequently expressed that those did best in Canada who had resided a time in the Northern States; that the fugitives in general had not the necessary habit of self-government and steady industry; that these came slowly, and by many were never acquired. The experience of Mr. King, on the other hand, led him to think that the fugitives were quite equal to the free blacks, and, indeed, that the very fact of their escape showed superior energy and determination. Which of the two opinions may be correct, we have no means of knowing.

The vast majority of the coloured people in Canada are of mixed race. Mr. King estimated, that of those at Buxton one-third were of pure African descent; but even this proportion seems to me much greater than obtains in the Province at large. As a rule, not, however, without many exceptions, the mulattoes are the most intelligent and the best educated; they are the prominent men of their class, and take the lead in all questions which affect them as a race.

The more intelligent of the coloured men are loyal and devoted subjects of the British crown. They set a high value upon the equality under the law which they enjoy. "Can we," said one of them, a shrewd, hard business man, well advanced in middle life, "Can we help loving a government which is so kind and which has done so much for us?" and his voice was disturbed by emotion. And if gratitude on the one hand induces loyalty, hatred—no softer word will do—on the other confirms and strengthens it. They hold frequent meetings among themselves, and the staple topic of discourse is the injustice under which their race suffers in the United States; bad as the facts are, they lose nothing in repetition; no distinctions are made, and North and South are involved in a common condemnation. Like all other men who suffer oppression, they are apt to fancy the attention of the world fixed upon themselves; the evil which overtops every other evil in their horizon, must seem equally prominent to all mankind. They underrate the difficulties under which their well-wishers in the States labour; they see only the obloquy under which their race suffers, and do not and will not see the causes which render their removal a work of time and patience. They overrate, too, greatly the power of England, and underrate that of the Union. In any dissension between the two countries, England would have no warmer friends and America no more bitter and unrelenting foes than the coloured men of Canada.

On one subject, equally at Toronto and Hamilton, at London and Chatham, all the coloured people whom we saw agreed—in repudiating those who sought in the United States contributions in clothes and in money for the destitute negroes in Canada. They deny that there is anything like destitution among them except that arising from sickness, from vice, or from idleness; they affirm that they are abundantly able and willing to maintain their own poor; that the contributions rarely reach those for whom they were intended, and that while in some cases aid may be solicited by well-meaning or ill-advised persons, in most it was sought by those who converted the contributions they received to their own benefit. On what facts the latter assertion was founded I did not inquire; we give the statement as it was repeatedly made to us, and it would be well for those in the Northern States, who are applied to for such objects, to bear it in mind and look closely to the character of the applicants.

While by the law no distinction is made among the inhabitants, either in rights or privileges, on account of colour, socially, the same prejudices, if not to the same extent, exist against the coloured people in Canada as in the United States. The better classes of society come little in contact with them, and know nothing of their aims and progress. Most are indifferent upon the subject; many are strongly prejudiced against them. As was before stated, a prominent editor of a daily paper in Toronto—a liberal, kindly and well-informed man—told me that they were there addicted to thefts and brawls, and that he believed that the jail was filled with them; yet, on accompanying him to the prison, we found but three coloured people in it. In many places white mechanics will not work in company with a coloured man, and, while by law the public schools are open to all without distinction of colour, the children even of light-coloured mulattoes are frequently refused admission to private schools. What is strange, all this is referred by the negroes themselves to the influence of Americans! We have previously stated we found several of the children and youths pursuing the study of the dead languages, and Mr. King is desirous that free scholarships, open to competition, should be established in the Universities for the coloured people. So far as the education of those who are intended for the learned professions is concerned, this may be very well; but in other cases, the time devoted to the dead languages appears misspent, or not spent so profitably as it might be. To those, who have to struggle in active life, those sciences which have an immediate practical bearing—mathematics, natural philosophy, chemistry, engineering, &c.—are much more useful than Latin and Greek. As for the elevation of his race, the coloured man who invents a labour-saving machine, builds a superior bridge, or makes a valuable discovery in the arts, will do far more for his people than one who may be able to edit Lucretius or Aristophanes.

One other topic in conclusion—Health. It is well-known that the negro in America, while less liable to fevers, suffers more from tubercular disease than the white man, and that his liability to it is much greater at the North than at the South. A part of this tendency may be owing, in cities, to over-crowding and want of ventilation, but a large part of it would seem due directly to the effects of climate. Many physicians believe that the mulatto has this tendency to tubercular disease in a still higher degree than the black man. For such an opinion there is at present no solid foundation, and the vital statistics of the different races require to be studied much more carefully and more accurately than has hitherto been done, before any certain conclusion can be arrived at. The part of Canada West chiefly inhabited by the coloured people lies in the same latitude and partakes of the climate of Western New York and Michigan; what is the general mortality of the coloured race there, and to what extent they suffer from particular diseases, it is impossible to ascertain; the statistics on which such knowledge must rest, are not in existence. The coloured people themselves almost universally maintain that the climate agrees with them, and that they enjoy there a full measure of health. Many circumstances impressed me with a contrary opinion, and I fear that consumption and its allied diseases will prove heavy drawbacks to the enjoyment of more liberal institutions. Whether the liability to the disease increases with each succeeding generation, or whether, contrary to general experience in such diseases, it may be gradually lessened and extinguished, remains for experience to determine. This whole subject of climate, in its effect upon different races, forms one of the most difficult as well as one of the most important and interesting questions to which the attention of medical men can be directed.

Since our return from Canada we have received from Dr. J. D. Litchfield, the medical superintendent of criminal lunatics in the Provincial Asylum at Kingston, an account of the comparative numbers of coloured and white men confined in the general prison at that place, which is at variance with the returns of those confined in the jail at Toronto. The whole number of prisoners on the 31st day of December, 1855, was 668, and of this number 45 were negroes and 17 were mulattoes, making in all 62 coloured people, nearly 1-10 of the total number. Now, as the coloured do not form more than 1-50 of the population of the Province, this would make crime five times more rife among them than among the whites. The returns for the year 1856, present a similar result; thus in the total number of prisoners, 279, 28 (21 negroes and 7 mulattoes) were coloured people. The crimes were all of a serious character; of 56 negro convicts there were for:

Assault, with intent to kill	1	Horse stealing	4
Horse and sheep stealing	1	Felony	7
Rape	1	Manslaughter	2
Murder	2	Receiving stolen goods	1
Burglary	3	Burglary and larceny	1
Larceny	28	Felony and larceny	1
Robbery	2	Assault and robbery	1
Sheep stealing	1		
Total			56

It will be noticed that while the ratio of negroes to mulattoes in Upper Canada is assumed to be no greater than 1 to 3, here the proportions are reversed, and there are three negroes to one of mixed race. The explanation of the large proportion of coloured convicts is probably to be found in the fact that Canada is not the refuge of the fugitive slave or the industrious emigrant alone, but that many of our coloured criminals, educated to vice in our large cities, evade the penalty of their crimes by escaping to Canada, and there, continuing their career, become inmates of the provincial prison.

In the same communication of Dr. Litchfield, it is stated that in 831 convicts, the mortality was: among the whites, 1 1-2 per cent.; Africans, 10 per cent., and among the Indians, 30 per cent. Though the number of negroes embraced in the calculation is too small to enable us to place implicit reliance upon it, we cannot but regard it as a strong indication of the injurious effect of a northern climate upon the black race.

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

VIEWS OF THE REV. DR. WAYLAND.

[The following paper was sent by Dr. Wayland to the Investigating Committee of the Tract Society in February last. We copy it from the Boston *Christian Watchman and Reflector* of Nov. 5th.]

FROM the notices which have appeared in the public papers, and from the communications issued by the officers of the Tract Society, it would seem that the object for which this committee was appointed is to inquire and report upon the principles which have governed the Publishing Committee in matters affecting the subject of slavery.

It is admitted that, in some instances, publications have been altered so as to exclude sentiments disapproving of slavery. It is also understood to be the belief of the officers of the Society, that they are, by the constitution, precluded from treating the subject of slavery in the same manner as they treat other subjects involving the interests of vital godliness and sound morality. If such be the facts, they certainly deserve an attentive and candid consideration.

It is obvious that the constitution of a society is simply a compact between individuals, for the purpose of accomplishing a certain object in a specified manner. So long as the object, for the accomplishment of which the compact is formed, is a good object, and is sought to be accomplished by good means, all good men may unite in promoting it. If the object is bad, or only imperfectly good, or is to be accomplished by bad or imperfect means, it is the duty of good men either to withdraw from it, or seek to correct it; and for such correction provision is always made in the constitution itself. If then it be admitted that the course which, in any case, has been pursued by a society, is the only course allowed by the constitution, this fact is by no means final; it only introduces the question, does or does not the constitution itself require emendation and amendment?

But is it the fact that the constitution of the Tract Society imposes the restrictions supposed? The words of the article referring to this subject are as follows: "The object of which" (i. e., the Society) "shall be to diffuse a knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ as the Redeemer of sinners, and to promote the interests of vital godliness and sound morality, by the circulation of religious tracts calculated to receive the approbation of all evangelical Christians."

The object of the Society then is, "to promote the interests of vital godliness and sound morality by the circulation of religious tracts." The interests of vital godliness and sound morality are to be promoted by setting clearly before men the whole will of God, and the consequences which must follow from obeying or disobeying it. There is surely no restriction here. Whatever is at variance with "vital godliness or sound morality," whether at the North or the South, in the East or West, in city or in country, among the rich or the poor, may properly be discussed in the publications of the Society, and it is the duty of the Society, in the spirit of Christ, to exhort the wrong-doers to repentance. The only question then here to be considered, is the following: Is it consistent with the interests of vital godliness and sound morality to buy and sell our fellow-men, to forbid them to marry, to place it out of their power to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and to deny to them the privilege of reading the message of salvation? If it be consistent with the interests of vital godliness and sound morality to do all this, the Society is under no obligation to treat of it. If it be at variance with their interests, the Society seems called upon, in view of the object for which it was constituted, to bear a decided testimony on the subject. So far then as this portion of the article of the constitution is concerned, there is nothing to prevent the Society from publishing on these subjects, unless it considers such acts consistent with "vital godliness and sound morality."

If there is any restriction on the action of the Society, it must be in the latter clause of the article, which is in these words: "tracts *calculated to receive the approbation of all evangelical Christians.*"

When the terms "evangelical Christians" are used here, it will not, of course, be supposed that the Society undertakes to determine the personal piety of its members, that is, of the individuals who are to approve of its tracts. This is the province of the Churches to which these individuals belong, and the Society cannot go behind the decision of these Churches. The words must mean, then, and they can mean nothing more, than *members of evangelical Churches.*

What then is meant by receiving the *approbation of all evangelical Christians?* To this clause two meanings may be given. In the first place the words may be taken literally, that is, that every tract which the Society publishes must receive the approbation of every member of an evangelical Church, that is, of "*all* evangelical Christians." If this be its true meaning, then any member of an evangelical Church might, by his single veto, arrest the publication of any tract whatever, by simply declaring that it did not receive his approbation. But some members of evangelical Churches may believe attendance on balls and parties, from which men are carried away intoxicated, is an innocent Christian recreation. Others may frequent the theatre or the opera house. Others may derive their wealth from the sale of intoxicating liquors, and partake freely of them themselves. Others may believe falsehoods in trade only venial sins, if sins at all; may see no harm in smuggling and taking false oaths at the Custom House, or obliging their clerks to do it for them. Tracts on dancing, theatrical amusements, intemperance, lying and perjury would not certainly receive the approbation of such members of evangelical Churches; and if we interpreted this article in the manner suggested, they would have a right to prohibit them. These illustrations might easily be extended, but it is unnecessary. It is apparent that such an interpretation would reduce the Society to a nullity.

The only other meaning of which these words seem susceptible is the following. These "evangelical Christians" are known to the Society only as members of different denominations, each having its own formulary of belief and practice. The character and opinions of each individual, so far as they are recognised by the Society, are defined by the formulary, or articles of faith and practice, to which he affixed his name when he became a member of that particular communion. In matters essential to vital godliness and sound morality these several confessions of faith agree. In matters of particular practice they differ. It is intended that no tract shall be published on any of these subjects on which these sects are at variance, but only on the subjects on which they are agreed. A member of an evangelical Church, or in the words of the article, an "evangelical Christian," cannot therefore object to a tract on the ground that it is opposed to his *own private opinions;* but only on the ground that it is opposed to the confession of faith by which his character as known to the society is defined. Thus, a Baptist might believe that the sale of ardent spirits was an innocent branch of business, but he would have no right to forbid the issues of a tract on temperance. He can object to a tract on no other ground than that it is opposed to articles of faith and practice received by Baptist Churches. Thus on the questions of in ant baptism and ordination Baptists and Episcopalians differ; on the general doctrines and duties of Christianity they are in harmony. The article forbids the Baptist from introducing a tract in opposition to infant Baptism, and the Episcopalian from introducing one on the apostolic succession. As, however, they both agree on the vital doctrines and duties of Christianity, they can unite in the circulation of tracts which treat of those doctrines and duties. The tracts of the Society must therefore meet the approbation of those who believe the articles of faith received by the denomination to which each belongs. Objection to a tract from any other reason than this, is, therefore, of course, precluded.

That this is the right interpretation of the article in question is manifest from the sixth article of the constitution. It is by this article provided that "the officers and directors shall be elected from different denominations of Christians; the Publishing Committee shall contain no two members from the same communion, and no tract shall be published to which any member of that committee shall object." The principle to which I have referred is here distinctly recognised, and it teaches us clearly what is meant by the approbation of all evangelical Christians. The *sixth* article shows the manner in which the object of the *first* article is to be accomplished, and therefore shows what was intended by the words then used.

That the above is the true interpretation of the first article of the constitution, is proved by the whole history of the Society. Every year, on every platform and in every pulpit of the land, this restriction, *precisely as here explained*, has been held forth as the crowning excellence of this catholic and specially *unsectarian* institution. The fact has been told that the Society can publish nothing at variance with the confession of faith of Baptists, the Episcopalian, that nothing can be published at variance with the thirty-nine articles, the Presbyterian, that nothing can be published at variance with the Westminster confession, and the Methodist, that nothing can be published at variance with the Book of Discipline. No other principle of restriction has ever been suggested until very lately; and any other view of the duties and obligations of the Society must certainly awaken in its best friends the emotion of surprise.

The question at issue seems, then, narrowed down to this simple inquiry, is the Christian lawfulness of slavery, as it exists in the United States, affirmed in the formularies or confessions of faith of any evangelical denomination? Is this affirmation found in the thirty-nine articles of the Episcopal Church, or in the Westminster confession of the Presbyterian Church, or in the Heidelberg catechism, or canons of the Synod of Dort, of the Dutch Reformed Church, or in the Book of Discipline of the Methodist Church, or in any of the confessions of Faith of the Congregational or Baptist Churches? Every one knows that in none of these denominational creeds is such an affirmation to be found. Nay, more, it is the fact, that, at various times, portions of all these denominations have borne testimony against the evils of slavery. They do it now even in the Southern States, but, so far as I know, it has never been urged that this was at variance with the confession of faith of any sect of evangelical Christians. It would seem then evident that this is not one of those subjects of denominational difference, on which the publications of the Society are forbidden to treat. It is, therefore, one of those questions concerning vital religion and sound morality, the treatment of which comes fairly within the objects for which the Society was constituted.

But it may be asked, are we under a moral obligation to publish on this subject? The answer to this question must be determined by the answer to another. Has the existence of domestic slavery anything to do with "the interests of vital godliness and sound morality?" Have vital godliness and sound morality no answer to give, when the question is asked, have I a right to sell my fellow-man like an ox or a mule? Many of our young men, professors of the religion of Christ, annually emigrate to the Southern States. Is it not important that they should understand the teachings of the New Testament on this subject? Many of our brethren in the Southern States are sorely tried as to their duty in this matter, and earnestly desire to know what is the will of God concerning it. Should we not make known to them all the truth respecting it which has been revealed to us?

But more than this; this is one of the most practical questions known in ethics. It is no other than this: Can I rightfully seize another man, or employ another to seize him, and oblige him to labour for me, and his children to labour for my children to the end of time, without remuneration (for the food and clothing required to keep him in good working order is not remuneration), and may another seize me, and reduce me and my children to the same condition? This is the real question at issue, for ethics know nothing of the colour of the skin. This question lies at the foundation of every right, whether of person or property. Is it not then as important that the teachings of the New Testament should be made known on this subject, as on the subjects of dancing, temperance, or observance of the Sabbath?

But even if we set aside the question of the right of man in man, another question immediately presents itself.

It is well known that there are, at present, more than three millions of human beings in this country, who are forbidden to form a marriage contract, and who, if they agree to live together after God's holy ordinance, may, at at any moment, at the bidding of another, be separated from each other forever; who have no right over their own children, and are, therefore, unable to perform the parental obligations enjoined in the New Testament; who, if females, are obliged to submit their persons, without resistance, to the will of another; and who are forbidden to read the word of God, and learn from the Bible the way of salvation. These are all, like ourselves, human beings, for whom Christ died, and hundreds of thousands of them are our own Christian brethren, members of Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist Churches. They may be weak, ignorant, degraded, but so much the more are they Christ's little ones, and He has said it is better that a millstone be hanged about our neck and we be cast into the sea, than that we should offend one of them. They are our Christian brethren, and are we to utter no word on their behalf? Shall we make no effort to rectify their wrongs and alleviate their sufferings? Can we be disciples of Christ if we look upon all this, and, like the Priest and Levite, pass over to the other side?

These wrongs, inflicted on our fellow-men and our Christian brethren, either are essentially connected with the system of domestic slavery, or they are not. If they are essentially connected with it, then slavery itself must be wrong; and there can be no reason why its wrong should not be exposed, and the wrong doers called to repentance. If these wrongs are not essentially connected with the system of domestic slavery, then they stand alone, like any other wrong-doing, and may be treated of without offence even to the slaveholders themselves; just as we speak of the oppression endured by Protestants in Italy, and the persecutions of Christians in Madagascar.

But to this, it is replied, if we publish tracts on slavery, or the evils of slavery, we shall be obliged to abandon the whole Southern field, our tracts will not be received, and our colporters will be driven away. To this objection several replies may be made.

1. Suppose it be so, does this in any respect affect the question of Christian duty? Have we any right to withhold any portion of Divine truth, because men are unwilling to receive it? To do this would be to adopt one of the most pernicious errors of Romanism. Our blessed Lord seems to have made provision for precisely this case. He might, by suppressing a part of the truth, have made his doctrines acceptable to his countrymen. He never did it, nor did he give his disciples authority to do it. He committed to them his message, and commanded them to deliver it, saying, what I tell you in darkness that speak ye in the light, and what ye hear in the ear that speak ye upon the house-tops. If men would not receive it, he did not command them to leave out what was offensive, but to wipe off the dust from their feet and retire from the city. Does not this example determine for us our rule of duty?

2. Are we not as much responsible for the salvation of one class of men as another? By presenting a mutilated view of Christian duty, and apparently conceding that the gospel allows of wrongs at which humanity shudders, we place in the hands of unbelievers an argument against the Divine origin of revelation difficult to be answered. God created the conscience of man, and endowed it with its moral impulses. To believe that to be a revelation from God, which allows of the commission of acts, from the commission of which the natural conscience of those to whom it is given revolts, is impossible. I do not say that we must of necessity disbelieve it, only that we cannot possibly believe it. That precisely this effect has been produced already, by the manner in which Christians have dealt with the subject of slavery, there is too much reason to believe. Are we authorized to seek the salvation of some men, by means which must ruin the souls of other men, and especially are we authorized to do this, by the suppression of that which we believe to be important truth?

3. To bear our testimony on this subject is a duty which we owe to our Christian brethren at the South. The Quakers have always done this, and with great moral effect. Thousands of our Southern brethren mourn over a condition from which they see no way of escape. Their voice is drowned by the outcry of wicked men and interested politicians, and they find no sympathy among their Christian brethren at the North. They find us apologizing for, and palliating a system which they feel to be wrong, and which they would do anything to remove, if they could do so with the least prospect of success. Our testimony would embolden them to action, and they would with more confidence labour for the abolition of laws which are a disgrace to humanity.

It is needless to add, that whatever is published on this subject should be written in the spirit of Christian love. We should be careful to take up no railing accusation, and yet we should speak the truth in all godly sincerity, commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God. We shall thus accomplish the object of the Society "by the circulation of tracts designed to promote the interests of vital godliness and sound morality." It is not easy to discover how we shall accomplish it in any other manner. F. WAYLAND.

THE CLEVELAND DISUNION CONVENTION.

[When our last issue went to press we had seen a report only of the two first sessions (Wednesday morning and afternoon) of the Cleveland Convention. We now give a report of the subsequent sessions.]

THE session of the Convention, on Wednesday evening, was occupied, for the most part, with a very interesting, and, at times, quite exciting, discussion upon the anti-slavery character of the United States Constitution, which continued until nearly 11 o'clock, and in which Mr. Russell and A. Pryne, of Ohio, favoured the affirmative, and Messrs Pillsbury and Burleigh in the negative, and S. S. and A. K. Foster and C. L. Remond. Mr. Pryne was pretty effectively shut up at the close, by showing that, whatever were his *professed* views of the anti-slavery character of the Constitution, his *act* was with a party and for men who believed in and and exercised a pro-slavery Constitution—thus belying his professions.

At the opening of the session of Thursday morning, the Business Committee reported the following resolutions:

11. Resolved, That the time has fully arrived when a due regard for the preservation of our own individual liberties, and those of our posterity, equally with our duty to the enslaved millions of America, demands the organization of a revolution among parties outside of the Federal Government, designed and calculated to effect its overthrow.

12. Resolved, That from the peculiar character of the political system under which we live, the friends of freedom can labour most effectually to accomplish our object by means adapted to the withdrawal of individual State sovereignties from the Confederacy—leaving the future confederation of these sovereignties to the guidance of circumstances.

Addresses from L. Todd and A. Pryne, of Ohio, Parker Pillsbury, and H. C. Wright.

The afternoon session was mainly taken up with a spirited discussion of the Disunion question, between Mr. Watkins, of N. Y. (Associate Editor of *Frederick Douglass's Paper*), as opposed to Disunion, and C. C. Burleigh, in favour—interspersed with questions and answers between the speakers and others, that added spice to the proceedings.

At the evening and last session, speeches were made by W. W. Brown, of Mass., J. Elizabeth Jones, of Ohio, A. T. Foss, of N. H., C. L. Remond and S. S. Foster, of Mass. Mr. Remond, on rising, was met by a taunt from an outsider in the gallery, which aroused him to the utterance of one of the most eloquent vindications of the rights of man as man, and of the immediate overthrow of the American Union, that has proven itself so gigantic an engine for the destruction of human rights, of the white as well as the black, that it has been our lot to listen to.

The resolutions presented and discussed were adopted in full.

The attendance through the day and evening was larger than the day before, and the discussions, which were of great ability, were very interesting, and, at times, quite exciting.

The Convention, at 11 o'clock, p. m., adjourned *sine die.*

LETTER FROM PARKER PILLSBURY.

ADRIAN, Mich., Oct. 26, 1857.

DEAR FRIEND GARRISON: The tidings of the postponement of the Disunion Convention fell on us like lead, when the *Liberator* and STANDARD came this afternoon. The Committee meant wisely and well; but it was a desperate responsibility to take, at so late an hour. Persons are here to-night, on their way to the Convention, who have come long distances, at great expense, and who expected to reach Cleveland to morrow, with a purpose as earnest and holy as brought the farmers of New England to Lexington and Bunker Hill at the opening scenes of the great Revolutionary Drama which it is left for us to complete.

The Remonds and myself closed a most interesting Convention here last evening—the last of our present series; and our valedictory word was a rallying-cry to that grand mustering of the hosts of freedom. The dire necessity for revolution was made most apparent. Every heart seemed to beat in unison on the momentous question, and this very "financial crisis" was an important part of the argument with which it was enforced—treated as in your Pennsylvania letter. There are many people here who are ready to go on foot hundreds of miles to such a gathering, and who deem the "money panic" almost a merciful dispensation of Providence at this time on its account.

You have little idea, I think, what an interest this proposed Convention has awakened. Hundreds have refrained from voting this autumn on its account, thinking this would be a most favourable time and occasion for a change of action. We have found many husbanding their resources in order to meet the expense of going. Others having business at Cleveland or its vicinity have, at much inconvenience, deferred it, so as to connect the Convention with its transaction. Some stayed away from the anniversary at Alliance, and others from the meetings of "Progressive Friends," in order to be at it, when they could not possibly be at more than one; and very many have regarded the movement with an importance and intensity that overlook and overleap all questions of only Wall street moment.

Had the Convention been held, it would have challenged Cleveland or any other Western city, to furnish a hall large enough to contain it; and a more earnest body of men and women were never brought together than would have composed it.

It is not for me to question the action of the Committee, though I must regret that it came so late; for many are on the way to Cleveland from great distances, who will not know their disappointment till they arrive there. Men of good judgment think and say the "financial crisis" could not have affected the Convention so unfortunately as the postponement will the general interests of the cause.

Yours, in the greatest haste,

PARKER PILLSBURY.

THE POSTPONEMENT DEFENDED.

From The Liberator.

Among the resolutions adopted, there were two, reflecting with some severity upon the Committee of Arrangements, though "not questioning their motives or intentions," for having made the postponement aforesaid—denying them the possession of "any delegated or moral power" to assume such responsibility—and insisting on the duty of holding a Convention at that time, as a matter of self-respect, and of "good faith towards the public," for the promotion of the objects contemplated in the original call. We are somewhat at a loss to determine whether the parties to this censure mean to have their gathering considered as only informal, or as *the* Convention proper; nor do we know how the Committee of Arrangements will regard it. As a member of that Committee, we beg leave to offer a few words in self-defence.

1. To the complaint, that the Call was "suddenly and unexpectedly countermanded," we reply that not less sudden and unexpected was the paralytic shock which was given to the whole country, in all financial and business matters, producing a state of things unparalleled since the formation of the government; which made it certain that no adequate representation of Northern sentiment, favourable to Disunion, could be secured under such circumstances; and which, therefore, induced the Committee to come to the conclusion (as they did with great reluctance) that it would be a truly wise act to postpone the contemplated meeting. And we submit to the candour of all concerned that it was doing an act of palpable injustice to the Committee to omit from the resolutions of censure *all reference to the ground on which they deemed the postponement justifiable.* As those resolutions stand recorded, the Committee are inferentially held up as acting capriciously, and without offering any reason for their conduct. Of this they have, in their turn, a right to complain.

2. It is said that some persons, not knowing of the postponement, came long distances, at much cost of time and money, to attend the Convention. This, of course, was to be regretted, though such cases could not have been numerous. Unfortunately, a telegraphic despatch, announcing the final decision of the Committee, *never reached* our faithful coadjutor, MARIUS R. ROBINSON, editor of the Ohio *Anti-Slavery Bugle*, to whom it was addressed; and he was informed of it only by a letter written at the same time, but which was four days on the way. A delay of four days, at so late an hour, was a great misfortune, and one which could not have been foreseen by the Committee. The notice, too, in the New York *Tribune* was not inserted in the manner or with the promptness anticipated. Though the Chairman of the Committee (Mr. Higginson) exerted himself, by the use of the telegraph in various directions, and by extensive correspondence, to give the necessary information, it seems his assiduous efforts were, to some extent, counteracted by causes over which he had no control. Hence the misapprehension which followed, and which none regret more deeply than the Committee.

3. The Committee did not suppose that they were assuming powers which did not belong to them, but concluded, as a state of public affairs had suddenly taken place which precluded the possibility of obtaining a calm and sober popular consideration of the Disunion question for the time being, and forbade a reasonable hope of securing a suitable representation from the free States, that those who signed the Call would cheerfully acquiesce in their judgment, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour and the disappointment which might be felt in individual cases. They still believe that they were justified in the course they pursued. At the worst, their error was one of judgment, nothing more.

4. As nearly all the anti-slavery agents were in the section of country in which the Convention was called, it was quite natural that they (in common with our Ohio friends generally) should feel greatly disappointed at the postponement, as they might not again be so favourably circumstanced to be present at a similar gathering; but as the notice of postponement, in their judgment, came too late materially to affect the general attendance—as six consecutive public meetings for discussion were held at Cleveland—and as it was the opinion of all who attended that a noble work was done in the cause of freedom, by the powerful testimonies recorded and the eloquent speeches made on the occasion—we trust they will be reconciled to the result, even if not convinced of the wisdom of the decision arrived at by the Committee of Arrangements. We should like to know, however, whether the Convention that was held claimed to be the one originally called, notwithstanding the action of the Committee, or only a local gathering. If the former, then the Committee are to be considered as discharged from any further responsibility touching another Convention; if not, then we conceive that they were not properly amenable to such a body as the one which they called, and no condemnatory resolutions should have been adopted.

5. It is due to the Committee to state that, while they were considering the expediency of postponement, and anxiously endeavouring to arrive at a sound conclusion, it was agreed to send a telegraphic despatch to the editor of *The Bugle*, giving their impressions, and asking for guidance in that direction, before making any public announcement. The reply was, "Rather than have a local Convention, and PHILLIPS not present, *postpone.*" This was interpreted to mean that, in view of all the circumstances, postponement was advisable, and hence the decision of the Committee. As our estimable friend, the editor of *The Bugle*, presided at the Cleveland Convention, we hope he did not allow the Committ

On the contrary, these sheets are so filled with defenses of slavery, their pages are so burdened with abuse of "abolitionists," as though it were a greater sin to be an anti-slavery than a pro-slavery man. There are such apologies, so strong and so oft repeated, in behalf of the system and its defenders, that Christians are entirely indifferent to the monstrous wrongs of the slave, and seem rather to be disposed to pray that he may be held fast in his boudage than to "remember the oppressed as bound with them." Leaving all "abolitionism" out of sight, it is appalling to see what a degree of indifference these papers have created in reference to this one of the most formidable obstacles to the spread of the Gospel. They so becloud the minds of Christians, they so stupify their sensibilities on this subject, they so steel them against the cries of the poor oppressed African, that no aspiration ascends to God in their behalf. In one of these papers Southern D.D.'s are allowed to deny the first axioms of Christian and republican ethics, in the truly monstrous defense of an institution that stands second to only one other evil as an obstacle to the spread of the Gospel.

What can any Christian emancipationist do to remove this evil in the face of such obstacles as these? He is not allowed, it would not be wise for him, to speak on this subject often from the pulpit, while here come these death-dealing messengers from week to week paralyzing all his efforts and creating perfect torpor and indifference upon this subject. O that the Dr. Adamses and Gerard Hallocks and *New York Observers* saw how their efforts killed out sensibility on this subject; how they are defeating the protracted endeavours of some of the most moderate anti-slavery men in the Church, who are simply endeavouring to remove by faithful prayer and effort in their congregations, this great obstacle to the spread of the Gospel. Pray them, for the Church's sake, to cease their apologies, and let us have some words of cheer for the humble praying emancipationist. Shall it longer continue that the efforts of some of the most earnest faithful ministers of Christ, those who are willing to go into pro-slavery regions to proclaim the Gospel, shall be defeated at the very outset by such influences as these? Shall the professedly religious press stand foremost in supporting this "sum of all villanies" and in defeating the efforts of good men that are put forth for its removal?

In behalf of the person to whom allusion has been made in this article, and many more like him, I make an appeal to the Christian public of the North. Ye gentlemen editors, who conduct the religious press of the North, I call upon you not to stand in the way or put any obstacles in the way of the removal of this dreadful curse. I do not ask you to be "abolitionists;" but do not be such apologists for this direful evil. And ye Christian ministers and laymen, I invoke you as you love our Lord to give your influence and your *prayers* to the few who are struggling in their Master's name *to save the American Union by peacefully removing American slavery.*

A PRESBTERIAN.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1857.

NOTICE TO DONORS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

We take the liberty of reminding those who have unpaid pledges to the American Anti-Slavery Society that their payment at this time would be exceedingly welcome, as funds are greatly needed. The financial pressure bears as hard upon us as upon other people, while our resources are fewer, and the Society is compelled, therefore, even more unreservedly than usual, to throw itself upon the generosity of its friends. It solicits not merely the payment of pledges already made, but new donations.

Funds may be forwarded to FRANCIS JACKSON, Boston, or S. H. GAY, New York, according to the convenience of location.

We also urge upon subscribers to this paper a prompt payment, as absolutely necessary, of bills recently issued. We are urgent upon this point because printers, paper makers and pressmen cannot work without pay, and because we have the right to make the most pressing demand, even in such times, for the immediate payment of sums, small to the individual, though large in the aggregate, many of which have long been due. Remittances may be made either in coin, post-office orders, or New York bank bills, and should be sent to this office.

ADDRESS,

Delivered at the Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, at West Chester, by

WILLIAM H. FURNESS.

ONE of the things which have most deeply impressed my mind, in the present juncture of commercial affairs, is the fact now made so plainly to appear, that it is not the just only who, as the Bible says, live by faith, but all men—the most practical business men, the very people who are all the time denouncing the despised Abolitionists as the fanatics of a mere idea—this very class of persons, who regard the advocates of Equal Justice as pure visionaries, are now proved by crushing evidence to have been walking and working all the time, not by sight but by faith. An invisible, impalpable something, denominated faith, has been, it seems, the very life-blood of them all.

Men get their living by the business which they do. The world's business is the world's living. Now, the business of the world has all come to a full stop. There is a sudden standstill of the complicated mechanism of commercial activity, and consequently, for thousands, the very means of living are in jeopardy. And as everybody has said over and over again, the immediate cause of it is the annihilation of confidence, the vanishing away of faith.

There has been no sudden and great destruction of wealth—no conflagrations, no storms. Gold and silver still exist, and in unprecedented quantities. Steam has not lost its elasticity, and magnetism—are not our magnetic threads woven all over the globe? The iron roads are still smooth and strong, and the iron horse is as fleet as ever. All the implements of labour are still at hand in the greatest abundance and variety; nay, it is only lately that the most admirable additions have been made to the stock of our tools, mowing machines and sewing machines, facilitating the work both of men and women to an unheard of degree.

And more than all, was ever season more propitious? Nature, ever bountiful, ever faithful Nature—there has been no suspension of her payments. She has not substituted promise for performance, blossom for fruit, chaff for grain. But punctually to the season, she has made her annual returns in the greatest profusion.

And yet amidst all this plenty and all these ingenious helps to labour, the wheels of business cannot turn, steam will not work, the food which the earth offers we cannot reach. And the obstruction is, everybody says, the sudden disappearance of faith. No physical force has given out. But faith, it is faith that is wanting—something that can neither be seen, nor handled, neither measured nor weighed—something having no material substance or property whatever, but existing and acting out of the range of the visible—something, which, so long as it was here, rendered it needless for a single dollar of silver or gold to show its face.

Now, is it not worth while for men of business to look into this matter? They care very little for things of the value of which they cannot make some estimate in money. They speak with mingled pity and contempt of those as fools and fanatics, duped by abstractions, who plead for the recognition of a principle, the idea of Justice, for instance. It is your pride, you men of business, that you plant yourselves and your schemes on the solid basis of fact. When some grand spiritual truth is asserted, when the obligation of an invisible principle is insisted upon, as, for example, the principle, which, commanding us to do to others as we would have them do for us, requires us instantly to undo the heavy burthens and let the oppressed go free, and when it is affirmed that this rule cannot be violated with impunity in the smallest particular, no, not even though the General Government pass laws to sanction, and muster army and navy to guard the violation, you listen, but you do not believe it. You take the liberty to question the assertion, to have your own opinions about it (your own opinions! You might as well presume to have your own opinion as to whether the sun shines at noonday), you think it may be so, or it may be not—that these unseen things are real only so far as we please to let them be so—that, after all, they are not impenetrable like matter, and universal and minute like the law of gravity.

And yet look now. At this very hour, one of those immaterial things which you are so uncertain about, which you cannot get hold of, nor detect by any physical means whatever—one of these things, faith, has suddenly vanished, and the swift career of your commercial prosperity receives a check so sudden and violent as threatens to disorganize the whole system, to create a revolution. It has actually created a revolution in New York. That State is now in the midst of a revolution. Her organic law, her Constitution, is nullified. The banks are holding a position which the State Constitution refuses to contemplate as a possible alternative under any circumstances. It is true the Judges have come together and put such an interpretation on the Constitution as enables the banks, and all that depends upon them, to keep on. The Judges! Oh these Judges! I wonder whether the time will ever come when they will stretch a point for Freedom in like manner. But leaving this, only observe now how, out of the unseen world of ideas, there has suddenly been developed a force which has interrupted all your pursuits and shaken the mountains of your success as effectually as if an earthquake had swallowed our cities or a volcano choked up our streets with molten lava, reducing the wealth in which you trusted, and which you thought, by converting it into solid piles of brick and granite, to make real (real estate as it is specially named)—reducing it all into air!

Really, friends, it comes with a very ill grace from these sagacious men of business, who boast so much of always going by facts, to talk about visionaries and fanatics now—now, when it so plainly appears, and by such striking tokens, that they themselves are fanatics of the first order. The anti-slavery people cannot begin to compare with them in this respect. The fanaticism of Freedom is ice-cold to the fanaticism of Trade. Through the fissures made by this commercial revulsion, we look down and see now that our stone structures and bank vaults, nay, that the whole world of business has been resting upon purely ideal foundations, and ideal foundations of the very poorest description; for they have suddenly vanished, and bank vaults, and brown stone edifices, as to any purpose of their possessors that they can serve, have vanished also as utterly as the baseless fabric of a dream. This ideal basis is thus proved to be visionary indeed. It is a lying vision. Under its influence men have been duped into believing that their life consists not in their own being, but in the abundance of glittering chaff they can heap up outside of them. How blind and mad has been the fanaticism of men, let the ruin which it has caused bear witness.

Since those who have been wholly given to making money and who do not seem to have ever had a single thought that did not look straight to that end, are now proved to be the most visionary of visionaries, one conclusion is inevitable, namely, that it is a necessary and universal condition of our nature, that we must all be fanatics of one sort or another. The truth is, we have an ideal as well as a material being. There is a physical body, and there is a spiritual body, and we can no more do without the one than without the other. There is no help for it even if we could wish it otherwise. We must be lovers and worshippers, if not of one idea then of another. Since, then, we must live not by sight but by faith, Heaven help us from trying any longer to live by faith in money! As I must be a fanatic, Heaven, in its mercy, make me fanatical, not for gold, but for Justice, for Freedom, for Humanity! Let these glorious visions fascinate me until I become stone-blind to the glitter of gold, and stone-deaf to the music of the world's applause.

It is the beautiful property of these divine Ideas, that, so far from loving them too well, it is not in us to reach the height of their beauty and loveliness. As high as the heavens are above their heads, these eternal principles tower up above our loftiest aspirations. Our faith in them cannot be too strong, or our devotion to them too entire. We may invest our whole heart and soul and might and mind and strength in this love, and every other investment shall fail us, but this never. Nay, directly the reverse of your commercial investments, where the larger the dividend the less the security, here, in direct proportion to the interest we take in these divine Ideas, only the more secure as well as the more abundant the return.

Just ponder now what we are witnessing. It is well worth noting. People are dreadfully afraid of becoming too much interested in the idea of Justice. This is the one terror with which this great nation trembles from head to foot. It is frightened out of its intelligence, otherwise so bold, at the most distant prospect of having this simple Idea urged home upon the consciences of men. For years, everybody, inspired by this fear, has become prophetic foretelling that if the people of this country were to become so enamoured with the idea of Justice as to set to work to realize it, according to every one, black and white, his just rights, disunion and uproar, and I know not what of mischief, would result.

Now, while people are frightened almost out of their wits at a zeal that might be kindled for the Eternal law of Justice, and while they have been predicting a thousand disastrous consequences to flow from it, there has not been the shadow of a fear of the effects of a zeal for money and money-making. Here we have all been perfectly at our ease and unconcerned while everything was being done to influence the passion for gain to a white heat. What a show has been made of wealth, bewildering and intoxicating the imagination of every young man! How calmly has the whole world looked on with no trembling foreboding, while honour and conscience have been staked and lost in the game thousands of times. We give the love of riches full play. What pains have we spared in stimulating that? We have not had the slightest dread of a fanaticism which has money for its idol. Oh no! there is no fear of that. It is only when Justice and Humanity are in question, only when some monstrous wrong is perpetrated in the name and by the officers of the Law, only when the Habeas Corpus act, that world-renowned writ for the protection of personal liberty, is perverted to the base uses of chattel slavery, only when some fugitive slave mother lays murderous hands upon her child to save it from the hell of slavery—it is only on some occasion when the public mind is on the point of bursting out into a light blaze of passion for the Right—it is only then that people beseech us for God's sake to keep cool, and to take care that our feelings do not run away with us, for if they should, Heaven only knows what would come of it, into what abysses of woe they would hurry us.

And yet look, friends, and see what has now come upon the country from that rage for gain, of which we have never had any fear, which we have done so much to exasperate, and which has gone steadily on, consuming the whole life of the nation to such a degree that we have lost, what millions of dollars cannot compensate us for, the power to appreciate the worth and sovereign obligation of Justice. This is the deadliest mischief by far that it has done, the more deadly because people are not conscious of it. But it has had other and more palpable effects, effects which the blindest see and the hardest feel. And Trade, Trade which is so cowardly as to tremble at every loud word spoken, yes, and at every whisper breathed for Right and for Freedom, Trade is now in utter confusion, wrapt in the deepest gloom. The very ground on which it stood has gone from under it. What has done all this mischief? What has thrown everything into such sudden disorder? Has the Fugitive Slave law been repealed? Has the Dred Scott decision been repented of by the Judges of the Supreme Court sitting in sackcloth seven days and seven nights, and flinging dust and ashes on their heads? Has Mr. Buchanan, in some unguarded moment, losing the fear of the Slave Power, uttered some self-evident truth, such as, for example, that all men have equal rights to life and liberty? Or has he, through the grace of God, in some moment of extraordinary inspiration, discovered and declared that this Government was intended not to protect Slavery but to secure the blessings of Liberty?

Something of this kind must certainly have occurred to cause all this trouble. For it has been insisted upon for years that nothing else could disturb the general prosperity but some insane or wicked attempt on the part of the infidel Abolitionists to move the country to do justly and carry out into full practice the principles of its own boasted Declaration.

But nothing of the kind just mentioned has happened. There has been no great blow struck for Freedom, no extraordinary conversion of any high officer of the Government, Mr. Garrison has not been nominated for the United States Senate, nor Mr. Phillips so much as thought of for the Governorship of Massachusetts. Neither has there been any zeal for Righteousness agitating the people at large. We have all been as quiet on this score as if we had no idea of anything of the kind. The Government is understood to have been doing its very best to discharge what it maintains to be its duty, namely, to protect the right of property in human flesh as a right equally sacred with any right. No enthusiasm for Justice is chargeable with the present distresses. A great public calamity has come upon us; and, wonderful to tell, it not only has not been caused by the crazy Abolitionists, nobody, North or South, has as yet even thought of laying the blame of it on them.

I tell you what, my friends, if the present condition of things had been brought about through the outbreaking of a mighty passion for Liberty, if this sacred enthusiasm had seized the popular mind and had prompted us to brave deeds and heroic sacrifices, if in this way trade had become deranged and commercial failures had been caused, we should have had a consolation that would have compensated us a thousand fold for the greatest losses, the consolation, proud and glorious, of suffering for that cause, for which the greatest Truth-speaker that the world has ever known bade his friends rejoice and be exceeding glad to suffer, the consolation of entering, by the fellowship of suffering, into the immortal friendship of the good and the great, the heroes and martyrs of all time. Then those who would have been made poor would have been loaded with honours, made rich in the blessings of those who were ready to perish, rich in the lasting homage of mankind, rich in the grace of Almighty God.

But the present distress has been caused by no generous outburst for Liberty, and consequently we know nothing of that abounding consolation, that divine exultation with which a great cause always solaces and rewards all those who suffer for it. Quite another kind of enthusiasm has done the mischief. Not the sacred furor of Freedom filling the most sordid minds with great thoughts, and lifting us out of ourselves, but the accursed rage for money, wrapping us up in the thickest selfishness, rendering us wholly insensible to the wrongs of the slave, driving us into the maddest courses—this it is, no outside pressure, no interference from without, but the soul of Trade itself has caused all the ruin. And what have we to comfort us? It has all been caused, they say, by our own folly and extravagance. This stands confessed as one chief source of the present troubles, our own selfishness and sin, the least consoling, the most humiliating cause one can possibly suffer for.

If we would only learn now to transfer the dread we have of a zeal for Freedom from that to a zeal for gain, could we learn to be less afraid of a passion for Justice, and more afraid of a passion for money, we might turn the present calamity to some account and make something out of it more enduring than the wealth that has been lost, and save ourselves moreover from a recurrence of such evil times. For my own part, I cannot for a single instant imagine, if the universal heart of this people had been one half as much interested in the idea of Right as it has been in the idea of wealth, how any evil consequences could possibly have ensued. I cannot be afraid of the Right. I cannot anticipate anything but good from it. Before the ever deepening splendour of that great Idea, burning in the souls of men, darting its lightnings from their eyes, pouring its celestial harmonies from their lips, all wrong and oppression would have melted away long ago amidst the swelling thunders of popular acclimations. That is what we should have witnessed long since, for that would be the speedy and natural effect of an enthusiasm for Justice, kindled in the souls of men. What a thrilling sight it would be, worth any ordinary life-time many times over—the popular mind caught up from the dust in which it grovels into the fiery chariot of this divine insanity!

Will that sight ever be granted us? Shall we ever see the heavens open and the spirit of the Highest descend upon the lowest? We fondly thought we were going to witness something of the kind last year. There was a great stirring all over the North. It looked as if the Free States were then about to be moved by the divine afflatus, and to do battle victoriously with the powers of darkness. They surely had cause enough to bestir themselves. I cannot easily conceive how they can ever have much greater cause. What fuel then was furnished for the flame is fresh in the recollection of you all; the violation of a sacred compact, the invasion of a territory, consecrated to Freedom, by the ruffian power of slavery, and, in addition to, and more than these two causes, the outrage perpetrated within the sacred walls of the Senate Chamber, than which History has nothing more shameful to record. The savage blows, then and there rained down upon the honoured head of the representative of the most venerable of these States, fell as directly upon all that was noble in the Free Northern heart, and awoke and diffused a spirit that seemed for a time to promise to unite the North as one man in resistance to the cherished iniquity of the land. That spirit was so earnest for a time, and so wide-spread as well nigh to deceive the very elect. Some there were of those who are principled against taking part in political action for the abolition of slavery, who profess to put their sole trust, for the doing away of the great Wrong, in Truth, in Reason, in Conscience, in Religion—some of that small company were so carried away by the public excitement of last fall as actually to vote, and so put on the harness of a political party. They have since been sorry, I do not doubt, for this defection. For my own own part I had very confident hopes that something was certainly to come from such an imposing demonstration, but I was saved from the inconsistency of giving a vote, and of so manifesting a want of confidence in the power of Truth.

For, as is now very clear, the spirit that was aroused was by no means equal to the occasion. It was not the spirit that is born of the highest sense of personal honour and the profoundest conviction of the supreme value of Freedom. It was checked—damped down by a slavish concern for the stability of the Union. And while it gave utterance to a good deal of Anti-Slavery sentiment, and even with a frightened glance peeped occasionally at the precipice over which the Union might possibly "slide," yet it clamoured to maintain friendship and collusion with the Slave Power. It did not say outright to the South as a decent self-respect prompted: "Talk not to us of the Union any longer. The word is growing hateful in our ears, for it only reminds us of our dishonour. These gross frauds and outrages of yours have extinguished the confidence without which the Union is a dead letter, and, like other dead things, is beginning to kill by poisoning the whole atmosphere with its corruption. You have yourselves severed the ties that bound us to you. These ties cannot be resumed until you atone for these wrongs by plucking up and casting from you that great root of bitterness which is continually producing these deadly fruits." But no such ground—the only manly and honourable one—was taken. The Union was eagerly clung to, after it was found to be a Union in which one party claims and exercises the right to violate solemn compacts at its pleasure, to beat and imprison, while the other must submit to be defrauded and beaten without being allowed even the poor privilege of remonstrance. And now how plainly does it appear that the excitement of last year, instead of being the uprising of a great principle, coming forth conquering and to conquer, was only a spasm, violent but brief, destined to pass away as it has done, leaving behind it an exhaustion, a listlessness, a death-like stupor, which the enormities of the Dred Scott decision that last outrage upon Liberty, have had no power to disturb.

One thing, I trust, that some of us who have been inclined to think that there is some virtue in politics, that some good use may be made of them—one thing we may learn from the experience of last year, and that is, to put our whole faith in Truth and in God, and live by that faith; to renounce forever all reliance upon political parties for the diffusion and victory of sacred truths—such a truth as this which teaches that all men, without distinction of colour, are God's children, born with equal rights to life and liberty. Here is a truth than which there is none other more truly religious. It is God's truth. It is the truth that was in Jesus, in his inmost heart, and that flames out in characters of unquenchable fire from his cross. It is the truth, whose struggles for recognition constitute the interest of all human history. It is the truth, moreover, which, if any man embraces, it will regenerate his whole character and save his soul.

To advance this and other kindred religious truths in the world, and to make them commanding in human affairs, no political organization is at all adequate. Political parties can never accomplish so great a work. It is altogether beyond them. They have been tried again and again, and have always failed most signally. And they must of necessity fail. They cannot do otherwise. Because the object of a political party is, not to bear testimony to a principle, but to make its principle or principles subservient to certain ends. Its aim is success. This is its object; and to secure this, it does not what it ought, but what it can. It has no idea of cherishing a principle that does not sprout out all over with offices and emoluments, and that may have to wait a century before it bears any such fruit. A political party studies the available. When there are two evils before it, instead of flatly rejecting both, it chooses the least, and so does some evil, not perceiving that to do a little moral evil is as truly dangerous as to do much, because little sinnings lead directly to great ones, and, as the German proverb says, "if you let the devil have hold of a single hair, he will have your whole head." Political parties always compromise, making concessions of principle, which are always just as injurious to those to whom, as they are to those by whom, they are made. They study to adapt their views to popular modes of thought, to influence men by conforming more or less to their prejudices or their iniquities, just as if you were to undertake to cure your neighbour of hard drinking, by drinking with him yourself sometimes. The animating force of political organizations is, not principle, but policy, as their designation imports. They are forever trying to serve God without entirely breaking with the devil, a trial which has always failed as often as it has been made, and which is sure to damage all who attempt it. It racks a man's understanding and conscience all to pieces, and destroys the inner eyesight. It has been said of the book of Revelations that it either finds a commentator crazy, or leaves him so. So it may be said of politics: they either find a man corrupt, or they leave him so. They have done us all most serious injury. What with this busy political management and machinery, incessantly going on all around us, we have lost the power to appreciate "a losing and incorrigible honesty," the sense to perceive that a thing may be good, worthy our love and life-long service, although it may never give us anything but take everything away from us.

Not only the political parties under our Government are thus vicious. The Government itself, being of necessity in the hands of one political party or another, being in fact a political organization, is, as such, utterly incompetent to serve the holy Cause of Humanity. It is wonderful that we should ever have expected it to fulfil that high office. It does not undertake to fulfil it, as we all see. It is and always has been subservient to the interests of the strongest. They interpret the Constitution for it; and at this present hour it is the mightiest protector of slavery in all the world. The one redeeming good in it is that it recognises in theory, although it would very gladly deny it in practice, the right of Free Thought and Free Speech, and so makes provision for pacific revolutions.

In infinite superiority to all human devices, there is an organization, deep and strong, of our nature, whereby the great interests of Truth and Humanity may be most triumphantly promoted. And this God-ordained method is revealed in the fact that our nature is one. This is not a matter of opinion; it is a matter of fact. And we may as well ignore the law of gravitation as overlook the blood relationship in which we all stand to one another, the strongest to the weakest, the wisest to the most ignorant, the purest to the most vile. We try very hard to hide it, and, blinded by self-interest, passion or pride, we succeed in keeping it in the background until some public event forces it upon us, involving us all in one wide calamity.

The infinite advantage of this common nature is that we are so intimately bound together that when truth has once entered and taken command of one mind, it not only may, it must be communicated to other minds; it can by no possibility be prevented; nothing can confine it to the individual. You cannot hide it in the private heart. Every private heart is an open door, leading by the very shortest way into all hearts. Only fix it firmly there—it is better than writing it out upon the sky—and it will publish itself, of necessity; governments and parties are powerless to prevent it, because the laws which God has stationed, like great angels, in our hearts, to do his will, will take it in reverent charge and bear it in triumph all over the world and down the stream of Time.

This is Nature's politics. Let every man be faithful to his best self, to his highest ideas of Integrity, of Holiness, of Freedom, faithful in his speech, and at all hours and in every place, regardless of all personal consequences. Let him stand firmly there, and, by the sympathies of a common nature, he will draw all men to him, slowly but surely, perhaps before he dies, but certainly when he is in his grave. From his dust, making the spot all electric where it lies, like the sepulchre of Jesus, which once drew all Europe round it, a power will go forth, like the arm of the Almighty made bare, to make all hearts glow with the Truth and Virtue whose immortal witness he is.

How triumphantly has the divine method, the consummate policy of Eternal Wisdom, been vindicated in Jesus of Nazareth! Behold there the way which God uses to reform the lives and institutions of men. A solitary man appears, simply, divinely True, and so qualified with more than imperial power to sway all men. He set in motion no political machinery. He joined no party. He formed none. He used only the most natural means of communicating his convictions. He wrote not a line, but was content to speak the highest truth and to be it. And although he was misunderstood then, and none have even yet sounded the depths of his wisdom, who has ever moved the world like him? Like the magnetic mystery, which makes itself felt through the solid globe, so through the heights and depths of human ignorance and iniquity his influence has penetrated and is still penetrating.

As we revere Him, would to Heaven that, renouncing the short-sighted policy of human wisdom, we might follow him in an unfaltering trust in the force of Truth faithfully expressed by the lips and the life! Could we only believe what we so plainly see, that our nature is organized for the propagation of that power, that, let the pride and prejudice of men be never so stubborn and their depravity never so intense, they must come to terms sooner or later with the true man! In our own day, before our eyes, my friends, the divine method has received an impressive illustration in the growth of the sentiment of Freedom and Humanity. A little more than a quarter of a century ago, it survived only in the faith of a little company of men and women. Now it has fastened itself with an invincible strength upon the attention of the whole nation, and in vain has this great and growing empire struggled to fling it off and crush it out. Every struggle has only involved it the more inextricably in its power. In a year or two at the farthest, the present severe monetary distress will be but dimly remembered. When once it is past, it will fade rapidly away from the remembrance of all men. But the cause of Humanity will still be here, present to all eyes. It will still stand, if not with a Thor's hammer in its hand shivering into atoms the rod of the oppressor and the chains of the slave, yet with the light touch of its Ithuriel's spear exposing more and more our false professions of Religion and Liberty. The force of Truth is the power of God. Let us put our whole trust in that, and let politics and parties go their way. If we are only faithful, they will soon have no way to go but to follow us.

THE KANSAS QUESTION.

THE rejection by Gov. Walker of the fraudulent returns from Johnson and McGee Counties secures for the Free State party a considerable majority in both branches of the new Territorial Legislature; and Parrot, the Free State candidate for Congress, has already received the certificate of his election. Little praise is due to Gov. Walker for the acts which have secured this result. His disposition to aid the Border Ruffians in executing the plot they had laid for keeping Kansas in their grasp was good enough, but they did their work in so bungling a way that he *could* not sanction it except by perpetrating a fraud so monstrous that he knew it would ruin his own political fortunes, break up the Democratic party and lead to a civil war. He had, by neglecting the duty imposed upon him by the Territorial law, permitted the bogus authorities to make a fraudulent apportionment, and his conduct in other respects justifies us in the belief that he was willing to give them as large facilities for frauds in conducting the election as he could, with safety to his own reputation and the interests of the Democratic party. In carrying out their plans, however, they demanded of him more than he dared to grant. The Oxford and McGee frauds were so naked and palpable that he could not sanction them with any pretence of decency, to say nothing of fairness and justice. He has taken good care, however, not to go so far in rejecting fraudulent votes as to put the new Legislature beyond the reach of his veto. The correspondent of *The Tribune* says:

"It being now evident that all the swindling designs to carry the big districts by fraudulent returns must fail, other means have been resorted to to throw the legislative power under the veto of the Governor. Certificates of election have just been given to the pro-slavery candidates in Lynn County. This County was at first claimed by the Pro-Slavery men, but on a full return, the Free State candidates had it by about 100 majority. The strongest Free State precinct in that County was Sugar Mound. The vote of that precinct was thrown out. This left the Pro-Slavery party in a small majority. The reason alleged is some trifling irregularity in part of the proceedings of the bogus Judges of Election. That the vote was a perfectly fair and legitimate one nobody pretends to doubt. The Governor has not issued a proclamation in regard to this proceeding. No doubt, he thought the only reasons that could be alleged would not look very well in print. By this very questionable act, there will still be *more than one-third* of the House pro-slavery, which ties the whole to the Governor's veto. The Governor is a good manager, after his fashion, but he may learn that there are better managers than himself.

"As an evidence that all of this dexterous handling of results follows a convenient rule, I will state that the outrageous pro-slavery vote from Marshall County is as irregular on its face as any return that has been sent to the Secretary's office. That it is a barefaced fraud, everybody knows who knows anthing at all about the matter; yet that fraud, with all its irregularities, is quietly received and sanctioned."

Although it is clear from the results of the election that four-fifths of the people of Kansas are in favour of organizing it as a free State, the Border Ruffians are not at all disposed to surrender. With the delegate to Congress and the Territorial Legislature against them, they still hope to carry their point. The Constitutional Convention, fraudulently elected by less than 1,500 votes, is engaged in framing a pro-slavery Constitution; and they hope by some means to smuggle it through Congress. If this fraudulent Convention were not carefully protected by U. S. troops, the people of Kansas would disperse it by force in double quick time. Its members are a company of desperate knaves and ruffians, who will resort to any measures that may promise success to their scheme. We have reports of their proceedings down to the 31st ult. The provisions of the Constitution relating to slavery had been adopted as follows:

PREAMBLE. The right of property is before and higher than any Constitutional sanction, and the right of the owner of a slave to such slave and its increase is the same and as inviolable as the right to any property whatever.

SECTION 1. The Legislature shall have no power to pass laws for the emancipation of slaves without the consent of their owners, or without paying their owners, previous to their emancipation, a full equivalent in money for the slaves so emancipated. They shall have no power to prevent emigrants to this State from bringing with them such persons as are deemed slaves by the laws of any one of the United States or Territories, so long as any person of the same age or description shall be continued in slavery by the laws of this State; provided that such person or slave be the bona fide property of such emigrant; and provided also that laws may be passed to prohibit the introduction into this State of slaves who have committed high crimes in other States or Territories. They shall have power to pass laws to permit the owners of slaves to emancipate them, saving the rights of creditors, and preventing them from becoming a public charge. They shall have the power to oblige the owners of slaves to treat them with humanity, to provide for them necessary food and clothing, to abstain from all injuries to them extending to life or limb; and in case of their neglect or refusal to comply with the direction of such laws, to have such slave or slaves sold for the benefit of the owner or owners.

SEC. 2. In the prosecution of slaves for crimes of higher grade than petit larceny, the Legislature shall have no power to deprive them of an impartial trial by a petit jury.

SEC. 3. Any person who shall maliciously dismember or deprive a slave of life shall suffer such punishment as would be inflicted in case the like offense had been committed on a free white person, and on like proof, except in case of insurrection of such slave.

In the debate on these provisions, Mr. Randolph, of Atchison, made a speech, a portion of which is thus reported:

"He wanted to strike out the word emancipate, and the right of the Legislature to allow owners to emancipate their slaves. Niggers were sent down expressly by the Deity to wait on white men. He denied that they were 'human.' He denied that it was a traffic in human flesh. They were a species of the long armed ape. It was wrong to make any provision whatever for emancipation. The Bible established slavery; the speaker was familiar with some parts of it, and referred the Convention to Leviticus. He said the main work of the North was this same business of emancipation, and why should this Convention use this word 'emancipation' in any case, unless we want to help such as my friend and fellow-traveller to eternity, Horace Greeley, in what they want to do? The niggers themselves were opposed to this thing of emancipation. They would vote for slavery if they had the chance. The safest way of submitting the Constitution would be to the niggers of Old Virginia. Some of the delegates wanted to strike out the word 'slave' wherever it occurred and insert the word 'property.' If they would do this, it would gull a lot of the Abolitionists. Now those who wanted to do so must either think that they were almighty smart, or that the Abolitionists were a pack of awful fools. He wanted it slave all the time."

The provision on the elective franchise, as first reported, contained the word "white" before citizen. It was stricken out, however, on the ground of the Dred Scott decision, that there could be no coloured citizens of the United States. In one section, "Indians, negroes and mulattoes" were classed together and equally proscribed. A motion was made to strike out the word "Indian," but it was resisted, when the member from Wyandot rose. He felt the sting of caste in his own person, being the son of a white man by an Indian mother. Though a Border Ruffian Democrat of the most unscrupulous sort, he protested against any coupling of the Indians with negroes and mulattoes. It made his heart thrill and his blood boil with indignation, he said, to hear them spoken of as equals. Negroes and mulattoes were a degraded race; they were only fit for slaves. They were slaves. But the Indians were true native Americans of this Continent. He implored them to exclude the word "Indian." He was a member on this floor. His mother was a Wyandot woman, and his father was a Virginian who had been taken prisoner by the Indians. He was proud of his race. He was proud that he was an Indian. He was there to vindicate the blood in his veins. He hoped that the true natives of the soil would not be excluded from the right of voting. He hoped that they would not thus cut off the only native American residents from the right of citizenship. He appealed to them to do justice to the Indian tribes. This man, so anxious to preserve his own rights, and yet so willing to degrade and oppress others, was not headed. The Border Ruffian Democracy were willing to use him as a tool for the time being, but equally ready to cast him aside when his help was no longer needed.

The slavery Constitution, when completed, will either be sent directly to Congress and urged upon that body by all the arts and appliances which the slaveholders so well know how to employ, or referred to a vote of the people of Kansas, under such limitations upon the right of suffrage, and such arrangements for counting the votes, as will be likely to secure for it a nominal endorsement. In one or the other of these ways the conspirators yet hope to make Kansas a slave State; and it is by no means impossible that they may succeed.

The course of Gov. Walker has placed the Administration in a very embarrassing position. To remove him would utterly disintegrate the Democratic party at the North; to support and defend him may be to produce the same effect upon the party at the South. Mr. Buchanan, in these circumstances, is endeavouring to find a middle path by which to avoid the dangers on both sides. The Washington correspondent of *The Times*—a journal which has defended Walker from the start and affected to place the utmost reliance upon the President's honesty—says:

"While Mr. Buchanan will not remove or publicly censure Governor Walker, he does, nevertheless, privately express disapprobation of his course in the Oxford affair. He says he has written a private letter to Walker, charging him with violating his instructions, and rebuking him therefor. While the President will not take the responsibility of removing him, there is great reason to fear that he will make his resignation necessary for the maintenance of his self-respect.

"My despatch of yesterday only denied the intention of removing Walker, but purposely avoided a declaration that the President emphatically approved his course. Publicly he says nothing, but privately he distinctly condemns it. There is danger beneath this uncertain, shadowy policy."

Gov. Walker is expected shortly in Washington to make his own defence. The "fire-eating" wing of the Southern Democracy is pouring upon him its hottest denunciations and demanding his removal; the Washington *Union* stands mute; while the Northern Administration presses generally defend him. The President is in a tight place, from which he will find it difficult to escape without great injury to his party. The Washington correspondent of the *Commercial Advertiser* writes as follows:

"The President has been very silent in regard to the Kansas Walker question, of late, and is evidently embarrassed by it. Deference to the Southern members of his Cabinet—a majority of whom are from the South—induced him to take such a course in regard to Kansas as would free them from domestic assaults. Besides, he would willingly conciliate the support of the fire-eaters, if possible. Therefore he did instruct Gov. Walker to leave all questions of fraud in the elections to the Legislature. He was left free to put down violence but not fraud. Therefore it is that Gov. Walker is said to have violated his instructions by rejecting the simulated and fictitious returns from Johnson and McGee Counties. The assaults upon Gov. Walker from the South are barbarous and unmerciful. It will require much nerve for any Southern man to sustain him against such clamour as has been raised.

"Unless the Republican Senators come to his rescue his nomination is likely to be defeated. But it is even doubtful now whether a sufficient number of Northern Democrats will stand by him to secure his confirmation, with Republican aid. The President and Administration will not remove him, but they disapprove of his course, and will submit his nomination to the tender mercies of the Senate with entire indifference to its result.

"The Kansas question is politically dead, or slumbers at the North, and the Northern Democrats are not afraid of arousing it by the condemnation and sacrifice of Walker.

"Kansas is to be a free State, and Walker the victim, for the celebration of the accomplishment of its freedom."

THE EXILED NEGROES IN CANADA.—We publish this week the last of the series of papers prepared by the special commissioner of *The Tribune*, who lately visited Canada to inquire into the condition and prospects of the negroes who have there found a refuge from the despotism of American Democracy. His report has evidently been prepared with candour, and we have every reason to believe that his statements are as trustworthy as they are interesting. We commend these papers to the careful attention of those who are so ready to believe every story of poverty, degradation and crime respecting these self-emancipated blacks that is set afloat by the unscrupulous apologists of slavery. The settlements of fugitive slaves in Canada, if they do not constitute an earthly Paradise, are certainly prosperous enough to encourage their friends and put their enemies to shame.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 703, contains the *Christian Remembrancer's* review of Charlotte Brontë's Life, and several other interesting articles. 321 Broadway.

BREVITIES.

The names on the fraudulent poll-list returned from the Oxford (Kansas) precinct were copied promiscuously from an old Cincinnati Directory, and among them was the name of Salmon P. Chase, Governor of Ohio.

In Wisconsin, as well as Iowa, a proposition to extend the right of suffrage to negroes has been rejected. The vote in its favour was much less than that for the Republican State ticket—a fact which proves conclusively that the Republican party, as such, is utterly unreliable upon the question of equal rights.

A Convention of the Anti-Slavery Methodists of the Genesee, East Genesee, Onedia, Black River and Wyoming Conferences, is to be held at Rochester on the 15th of December next. The object is to devise and promote plans for the utter extirpation of slavery from the Northern Methodist Church.

The removal of Commissioner Loring from his Probate Judgeship—a measure twice defeated by the veto of Gov. Gardner—is likely to be among the fruits of the late Republican triumph in Massachusetts. The Legislature will no doubt be moved to act by numerous petitions, and if the measure passes that body, it is not likely that Gov. Banks will refuse to obey the popular voice.

The Centre Congregational Church in Brattleboro', Vt., has set a good example by declaring its purpose not to contribute further to the funds of the American Tract Society so long as its Executive Committee or Managers refuse to comply with the instructions given them at their last annual meeting in relation to publishing tracts on the subject of slavery.

The New Bedford (Mass.) *Standard* says that a coloured woman named Patsy Castelew, died in that city, on the 4th inst., at the age of one hundred and one years. She was for about seventy years the slave of Mr. Alexander Gliff, of Hanover County, Va., and was by him set free at his death. She continued to reside in Virginia until about four years since, when she moved to New Bedford, where she resided with a daughter until her death.

John Underwood, of Prince William County, Va., has been found guilty of "uttering and maintaining that owners have no rights of property in their slaves," and fined $312

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCXVII.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent on Gubernatofacture—On the things done and undone—On the joy of Mr. Wilson and Mr. Burlingame on the destruction of the image they had set up—Of comicalities of Defeat—Laughable concatenations—Strange bedfellows of Mr. Gardner—Where they belong—Of the Sign of the Times—Its harbingers and concomitants—The Correspondent tells eth a tale of persecution—He rebuketh the Abolitionists of Lawrence—He pitieth and commendeth the Slaveholders—And giveth the history of the Habeas Corpus—He describeth Judge Shaw's proceedings and decision—And hopeth better things from the Courts of Tennessee, &c., &c., &c.

BOSTON, Nov. 9, 1857.

We have been Governor-making here, since I wrote you last, and whatever you may think of the work of our hands in what we have *made*, there must exist a delightful unanimity among all decent people everywhere as to what we have unmade. However dubious a blessing the election of Mr. Banks may be considered, there can be no two feelings as to the satisfactoriness of the squelching of Mr. Gardner. Everybody that didn't vote for him—and, if I am not much mistaken, a good many that did—feel the sense of relief that a farmer's family does when a noxious and offensive *varmint* has been knocked on the head and nailed up on the barn door as an example to like evil-doers. I don't think there has been such a general feeling of relief and satisfaction for many a long year. Men were congratulating each other everywhere on the way in which the people had put their foot on our disgraceful Governor and crushed him into political annihilation. And this as well persons who refused to vote for Mr. Banks or Mr. Beach—which, I believe, is the name of the Democratic candidate—on general or particular principles. Though Anti-Slavery men of all strains have but little satisfaction in Mr. Banks's election, and but little hope of its being of any particular use anti-slavery-wise, still nobody believes that his administration can be so shamefully double-faced and pettifogging as that of his predecessor. They may be agreeably disappointed in the course Mr. Banks may take as head of the State; while such a disappointment was a thing impossible in case Mr. Gardner had been successful.

And there have been some very funny concatenations twisted about this election. For instance, on the one hand there was Senator Wilson and Mr. Burlingame and other special Republicans making jubilant speeches over the defeat of the Governor their own hands had made only one little twelvemonth ago. And, really, there didn't appear, on the surface, any very particular reason why Governor Gardner was not just as good now as he was a year since. It was scarcely possible for him to have grown any more of an offence in the nostrils of all honest men now than he was then. And yet they made him ruler over us for the last year—not, I will freely admit, from any love towards him, but from an apprehension that he had it in his power to damage the majority of Fremont in this State, and even in others tainted with the murrain of Know-Nothingism, and certainly to hinder the election of some of the Republican Members of Congress. He had contrived to confuse their intellects to that extent at that ticklish time, though now, I believe, nobody thinks he had the power to do anything of the sort, and everybody is sure that if the Republicans had had the pluck to make an independent nomination, they could have swept the State. The history of this election goes far to prove this, for the Gardner party were as confident of success this year as the last, supposing that he had a real basis of popular support. Had he attempted to make headway against the tide which swept over the State Fremont-ward last autumn, he would have been buried beneath its surges deeper even than he is now.

Besides these comicalities of triumph, there are others of defeat not less entertaining. I believe I have called your attention to the curiosities of coalition to which antipathies of all shades towards anything calling itself, or even called by its enemies, Anti-Slavery, have given occasion. Mr. Everett and Mr. Winthrop, for instance, joining themselves to the rag-tag and bobtail of Henry J. Gardner and trying to *boost* him up into the chair one of them had filled and the other had tried for! And these are only shining examples of a long train of men whose affinities, natural or elective, were as little inclinable to such a coalescence as those of these gentlemen must have been. And with the comic ecstiy which has always been chronic with our Boston Whigs—when Whigs were—they really believed that their joining themselves to his company would ensure his being made captain of it. The braggings of Mr. Gardner and of his organ, the *Courier*, were beyond measure laughable when they were remembered in the presence of that enormous defeat. Even on the very day of election these infatuated partisans were ready to bet their money on their candidate—and this, I take it, is the strongest proof of a settled conviction that a free and enlightened American can give on any subject. And a great deal of money did change hands, it is said, on the voting of that day. There were very long faces, I can tell you, when the news came flashing along over the wires rolling up the avalanche of votes that was to bury them and their man beneath its weight. They will none of them ever emerge from it, excepting they come up among the slave-driving Democracy, where they belong, and to which they must be drawn by the force of political gravitation.

I suppose you have seen in some of the profane secular prints an account of the Sign which was manifested to this generation at an hour when they looked not for it. You have probably forgotten that, at the time Governor Gardner most reluctantly yielded to the solicitations of his townsmen of Dorchester, and permitted his name to be used as a candidate for re-election—which instance of self-devotion was the more edifying as he stated at the time that whoever they nominated would be elected—he stated as a reason for his coy reluctance that he had just made all his arrangements for going into business which would be knocked into *pi* by his remaining in the service of the State. It was, consequently, taken for granted, as an accomplished fact, that, as his election was sure and certain, he had relinquished all idea of mere worldly profit. What was the amazement, therefore, of State street when, at five o'clock in the afternoon of the day of election, a Sign bearing the legend "GARDNER, WOLCOTT & CO., BANKERS," soared aloft from the side-walk and affixed itself to a conspicuous building! He could not have known whether he were elected or not at that hour, and his despatch at least showed that promise of riches which is held out to one that is diligent in business. Had it been known on 'Change in the morning that the Governor of Massachusetts intended refreshing himself in the intervals of the cares of State by shaving notes, it would have made a material difference in his vote. But at five o'clock all the votes had been deposited, and no harm could come of his showing his hand, and playing out the card he had held back until that point of the game. But enough of him. Two months more, and I trust I shall never have occasion to name his name again.

We have had an instance to-day of how little consideration you unconscionable Abolitionists have for the feelings and comforts of our Southern brethren who honour us by their occasional residence. It seems there is a Mr. Sweet from Tennessee—Nashville, I believe—who married "down South," he being, as I am told, a Massachusetts man. One of the incidents of his matrimony was the possession of a female slave, Betty by name, who came North with him and his wife in the capacity of nursery-maid. This patriarchal household had pitched its tent at Lawrence in this State. With the prying curiosity which is the badge of all their tribe, some of the Abolitionists there had moused out that Betty was denied the free use of the streets of Lawrence, and that a *surveillance* was kept over her to hinder her communicating with such pestilent persons as themselves. This was enough for them, so, in the most inhospitable manner, though, unfortunately, in a strictly legal one, they sued out a Writ of Habeas Corpus, returnable this morning before Chief-Justice Shaw. The parties were all in Court, the relators represented by Mr. John A. Andrew, who has before made himself unpleasantly prominent in cases of this kind, and the sufferers by a young lawyer of Lawrence, of the name of Watson, who was fortunate enough to obtain their confidence and the management of this case. He stated to the Chief-Justice that Mr. and Mrs. Sweet did not propose offering any resistance to the operation of the Writ; that they acknowledged having brought the woman into the State; and that they were disposed to throw no obstacles in the way of her going and doing just as it seemed good in her own eyes. This showed the goodness and generosity of their hearts and set in a strong light the depravity and natural malice of their enemies. The fact that it made no particular difference whether they offered any resistance to this infringement of their natural rights or not, should not be permitted to modify the admiration their conduct is fitted to inspire in every well-regulated and patriotic mind.

The Chief-Justice said that he should first examine the party separately to ascertain what her wishes were in the premises and her competency to form a judgment as to the disposition of herself. This he did, and on coming into Court again, stated, that he found her to be an intelligent person, twenty-five years old, and therefore competent to decide for herself as to what she should do, for herself. Had she been of tender years, or imbecile intellect, he would have appointed a guardian to decide for her and to protect her in her rights. He stated to her in the clearest manner that she was at full liberty to go where she pleased and with whom. This he made her understand plainly—that, by the laws of Massachusetts, she was free and would be protected by them in her freedom, while she remained under them. He said, farther, that he should have a judicial record made of the transaction, of which she might have a certified copy. This he considered as a legal act of emancipation, the master having appeared in open Court and disclaimed all right or title to the slave, and that he believed it would be held to be such in some of the Slave States—though it certainly would not in others. Whether it would be so held in Tennessee he would not affirm, and he gave her clearly to understand that, if she went back to Nashville, she must run her own risk as to that matter. He then made an order discharging her and allowing her to go where she liked. She chose, I understand, to go back to Lawrence with her late master and mistress. Whether she will ultimately elect to return to Tennessee will depend, no doubt, in some measure, on whether the persecution to which she has been subjected by the Abolitionists be kept up or not. Once there, we cannot believe that the humane Courts of that State will condescend to notice the Record of Judge Shaw, or deprive her of the solace and care of her natural protectors. It seems that she has a husband and children in Nashville, which your Abolition confederates here regard as accounting for the milky state of her cocoanut as to this matter. If anything further comes of it, you shall be kept advised of it. D. Y.

HOUSE-WARMING.—If any of our friends are considering by what means they can most cheaply and effectually warm their houses during the approaching winter, we beg leave to commend to their careful inspection the Furnace invented by Mr. Chilson, of Boston, and sold in this city by Bramhall, Hedge & Co., 398 Broadway. Mr. Bramhall we have known for many years as an energetic business man and a reliable Abolitionist. While residing in Boston he was a member of the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, and he is now a Vice-President of the American Society. We believe that the utmost dependence may be placed upon his integrity and honour. Of the qualities of the Chilson Furnace we cannot speak of our own knowledge, but we will present testimony that should commend it as worthy of examination. We copy from the *Home Journal* of Dec. 6, 1856:

"At Idlewild we are welcoming winter with one very practical enhancement of our pleasure. Our most important luxury is apparently more than doubled, while the cost of it is certainly reduced more than half! And of this charming little domestic problem (interesting to all homes where there are pores that feel the cold and pockets that feel the cost)—it may be both useful and interesting to give the history.

"A house warmed equally and healthfully all over, as everybody knows, is a very different place from one with winter in the bed-rooms and entries, or one with headaches in every corner. The genius of mechanism has been most assiduously employed, for many years past, in the construction of Hot-Air Furnaces by which heat could be distributed over a dwelling. And the experiments have been wholly or partially unsuccessful in most cases. A spacious and rambling country-house, more particularly, has been most difficult or impossible to keep warm. Idlewild is of this structure—built for plenty of room and air—and though threaded all over with pipes and 'registers,' constructed with the best knowledge that could be obtained while the house was building, our 'furnaces,' last winter, proved wholly inefficient. To keep warm from December to March, we were compelled to have six wood fires continually burning, besides the heat from the registers and the coal-range in the kitchen.

"Some representations of what Chilson's new Cone Furnace might do (the one which received a gold medal at the late Mechanics' Fair in Boston, and of which the Committee are preparing a special report, in consideration of its importance), induced us to give it a trial; and, at present, we are only troubled that we are likely to lose the cheerful companionship of our 'glowing hearth,' even in the library—the abundance of heat from the new furnace rendering a wood fire an uncomfortable superfluity. The new method of contact, between the hot coal and the machinery, essentially modifies the *quality* of the hot air, so that the interior of the house is everywhere as mild and soft as a summer's day, and, while the *quantity* of heat seems regulate-able at will, it is produced (Economy is happy to remember!) by the re-consumption, over and over again, of the smoke and gases formerly allowed to escape and waste through the chimney. We were influenced, in our adoption of this new furnace, by the approbation of two gentlemen, whose evidence (sure to be well-considered, on any subject), it may be important to quote: that of Rev. President Wayland, of Brown University, and of Hon. Joseph Grinnell, of New Bedford—the former of whom gives it as the result of his experiment (tried all through the last severe winter), that, with half the consumption of coal, his house had been more comfortable than ever before, or with furnaces previously tried. The arrangements (we should add) for letting on cold fresh air at will, and for softening the heat by the constant evaporation of water, are skilfully complete, and the whole machinery is so simple as to be comprehensible and manageable at once, by an ordinary servant."

Having tried the Furnace through the coldest part of the last winter, Mr. Willis wrote again as follows, under date of Feb. 28, 1857.

"During this last unprecedented continuance of excessive cold, our very roomy house has been, all over, literally like 'summer time.' We had only to attend to the thermometer and the 'registers,' to keep the heat down to a healthful degree. In my own study, in which I pass most of the day, I am on the cold corner (the North-east room of the second story—the furnace in the basement and in the opposite, or South-east corner). I have an open chimney, and was prepared to burn wood all winter; thinking it not probable that I should be warm enough with such exposure and at such an angle from the furnace. But I have not needed to burn a stick of wood the whole winter; and, indeed, my trouble has been quite the other way. I could hardly moderate the heat sufficiently, particularly at night, when it was scarce safe, for health, to go to bed without shutting the register entirely. We have had a hickory fire always in the drawing-room; but mainly for the cheerfulness of its look (to visitors coming in from the cold, more especially), and for the sake, also, of putting a slab of Breckenridge coal under the fore-stick, in the evening, thus illuminating the room and adding materially to the gayety of the children."

PASSMORE WILLIAMSON *vs.* JOHN K. KANE.—We learn from our Philadelphia correspondent that "there is a prospect of this case coming to an early trial. The Court, which is now in session at Media, will be asked to fix a time to which it will adjourn, for the especial purpose of trying this suit; and it is not probable that that time will be later than December or the early part of January next. The grievance for which Mr. Williamson demands redress has been stated to be false imprisonment; but the technical charge to which Judge Kane must plead, will be that of Assault and Battery.

"When the case of Judge Lewis—whom, you will remember, Mr. Williamson has sued for refusing him the *Habeas Corpus*—will come up for trial I can't tell; but that the suit will be prosecuted to the uttermost is as certain as that Passmore Williamson is the prosecutor."

THE *Detroit Free Press*, the mouthpiece of Gen. Cass, illustrates its principles and its manners by denouncing the venerable Joshua R. Giddings as "A DIABOLICAL OLD VILLAIN." Mr. Giddings should be proud of this tribute to his worth from a journal whose praise would be a reproach.

Summary.

GOOD SALE.—In Staunton, Va., last week, at auction, a negro boy, 14 years old, was sold at $865; a child 6 years old at $510, and a woman 46 years old, at $365.—*The (Richmond) South*, $d.

THANKSGIVING DAY.—Eleven States unite in the appointment of Thursday, Nov. 26, as a day of Thanksgiving. They are—New York, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Iowa, Maryland, North Carolina, Michigan and Mississippi. Maine is a week earlier, Thursday, Nov. 19—Vermont a week later, Dec. 3.

MARCH OF INTELLECT.—We copy the following notice, *verbatim et literatim*, from one posted up yesterday in the village of White Plains:

take Notice 1857 There will be Preaching on the Redemption of spirit soul and Body on sunday Nov. the 1 at two o clock P M at the depot in West White Plains By James Poillon if Good Weather.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

"PROPOSED AMENDMENT.—It is proposed in Illinois to amend the law of marriage so as to require that the prospective husband and wife, on any given day, enter in the office of any officer legally empowered to do such a duty, a written declaration to become man and wife. From that day, for one year, let them associate as lovers, or break the engagement if they choose; then, at the end of the year, if they again express their determination to become husband and wife, let the contract be sealed."

Henry Ward Beecher, in his wanderings about New York city, disguised, to study human nature and the different aspects of society, recently dropped into a mock auction shop. He stood some time, when the auctioneer called out, "Mr. Beecher, why don't you bid?" He was greatly astonished at finding himself known in that place. He retired, and sent a friend to ask Funk how he knew him (Beecher). "How do I know him? Why, I have been a member of his Church for the last five years, and own the fifth pew from the front."—*Star in the West.*

MR. SKINFLINT'S GOODNESS.—When Mr. Skinflint, of Beanville, died, there was quite a sensation in town about it. The bell was tolled, and the only flag in town—that which belonged to the tavern—was hung union down for twenty-four hours. His praise was in every one's mouth, though why they praised him none could say, except that he was worth plenty of money. This was before Mrs. Partington moved from Beanville. "We have lost a great man ma'am," said the minister, calling upon her; "so portly, so public spirited, so—so—rich." "Ah, yes," responded the estimable dame, with a tear of regret in her eye, "his goodness was past finding out—it was," said she, raising her hand, as if beckoning down a large word, by which to express herself loudly; "it was infinitesimal, and his right hand never knew what his left hand did, nor anybody else, for that matter. He was such an excellent man." The minister coughed at the infinitesimal goodness, but he saw how kindly it was intended, and said nothing.—*Bost. Gazette.*

THE RIGHT PREVAILS.—All the Northern Methodist Protestant Conferences have concurred in sending delegates to the Cincinnati Convention. This body, when assembled, is to take into consideration the expediency and duty of separating from the South, in all that pertains to ecclesiastical union and Church fellowship. We trust they will do it, and no longer be responsible for the upholding and perpetuating of Human Slavery. Let the ball roll, brethren, for God will approve you, and all good men back you, in such separation.—*Wesleyan.*

HORRIBLE DEPRAVITY OF A COMMITTEE OF AN AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—We quote the annexed paragraph from the Summit Co. (Ohio) *Beacon*:

"The Committee of the Summit County Agricultural Society, not having the Dred Scott decision before their eyes, awarded the premium for the 'best bread' to Miss Eliza Bell, of Middlebury, aged thirteen years and coloured. This, however, is to be said in behalf of the committee. They award the premiums by the numbers attached, without knowing the names or complexions of the competitors. Miss Bell had the best bread; at least the committee thought so, so she got the premium."

A VENERABLE AND PATRIOTIC NEGRO GOING TO REST.—Our readers remember the venerable and exceedingly patriotic negro, Arthur O'Neill, *alias* "General Jackson," who says he is more than a hundred years old, and fought in the battle of New Orleans and other engagements during the American War. He was moved, yesterday afternoon, from his rude habitation on the lot on Ninth street, between Plum and Western Row, having been found very ill; and last evening when we saw him in the station house, it was supposed he could not live until the morning.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A GALLANT WAGER PROMPTLY PAID.—A beautiful and lovely woman, the wife of a prominent "Republican" politician, of Toledo, arrived in this city yesterday, to pay a wager of a kiss that Chase would be elected by a majority of five thousand, which bet she made with a well-known Democratic lawyer residing on Fourth street. According to the agreement, the loser was to come or go all the way to the other and pay the indebtedness by the first of November, which condition she fulfilled by arriving and proffering payment yesterday—thus anticipating the specified period by a day.—*Cincinnati Enquirer, 1st.*

GIRLS FOR THE WEST.—The branch office of the Children's Aid Society, for helping unemployed trades-girls to the West, opens to-day for business. Peter Cooper's liberality has furnished the Society with an office in the Union Buildings, on Third avenue, near Astor-place.

This movement is not designed to forward girls at service or now in employment, but only to aid those who are out of work, and with but small means left. For the present, office hours are from 9 to 2 o'clock.

In all cases those who are assisted by the Society are expected either to pay their fare in advance or have it deducted from their first wages. Those who pay cash in advance will be first attended to, and next those who advance a portion of their fares.

The Removal of Dr. Gale has already been announced. He has been in the Patent-Office for eleven years, and has acted upon over four thousand applications; he was Professor of Chemistry and Geology in the University of New York for ten years; he was admirably qualified for the place of Examiner of Patents. His offence was that he was a trustee for a school for free coloured girls! a school of so unexceptionable a character that the ladies of the late President's household were among its patrons. We beg our readers to understand that this Administration is especially national in its policy. The Democratic papers are quite right in repeating this fact occasionally; people might overlook it if they were not reminded of it, and some people are so excessively dull that they would be sure never to find it out for themselves.—*Providence Journal.*

OFFICIAL OPPRESSION.—If anybody supposes that a great deal of oppression may not be practised in our Courts, as well as those of any other country, they are mistaken. They have only to look at the conduct of the Marshal and his Deputies, in what are called the "Rescue Cases," to be corrected. We have recently been told that the editor of the Springfield *Republican* was lately subpœnaed to appear before the United States District Court. When he arrived here he was not even called before the Grand Jury. The Court had nothing for him to do. But the Marshal or some Deputy had scheming for him. When *here* he was sued forthwith for libel! Apparently the subpœna was served to bring him into Hamilton County. There seems to be no end of the petty oppression which the employees of the Administration are willing to employ against those who are not pro-slavery men.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

A CALICO SOCIETY.—We do not generally look to San Francisco for examples of morality and economy, but the ladies of the golden city have commenced a movement which, if it should generally be adopted, would be worth more to the real prosperity of that city and the future of the State than the opening of a richer place than has yet been discovered. The women of that city have formed a society of those who are not ashamed but proud to wear calico dresses. The extravagance of dress which prevails with both sexes, not less with the men than with the women, and without half the excuse, is one of the greatest evils of the day; we are not sure but, on the whole, it is the cause, immediate or remote, of as much evil as any other one thing.—*Providence Journal.*

When Col. Lee, of New York, was collecting subscriptions for the equestrian bronze statue of Washington, now standing a monument of patriotism and art at the corner of Union-park, he had occasion to visit an old curmudgeon in the neighbourhood, and pulling out his subscription paper, requested him to add his name to the list. But old Lucre declined respectfully.

"I do not see," he said, "what benefit this statue will be to me; and $500 is a great deal of money to pay for the gratification of other people." "Benefit to you?" replied the Colonel: "why, sir, it will benefit you more than anybody else. The statue can be seen from the window of your house; it will be an ornament, and add dignity to the whole neighbourhood, and it will perpetually remind you of the Father of his Country—the immortal Washington!" "Ah! Colonel," answered old Lucre, "I do not require a statue to remind me of him, for I always carry Washington here," and he placed his hand upon his heart. "Then let me tell you," replied Col. Lee, "if that is so, all I have to say is, that you have got Washington in a d——d tight place!"—*Washington Union.*

MR. LONG CORROBORATED.—A writer in the Western *Methodist Protestant* says: "I wish to relate a circumstance that was related to me, that occurred in the vicinity where I was raised. A negro man by the name of Saul, a man of God, universally esteemed as a pious man by good common sense, was owned by his old master set free at his death. After the old man was gone, the heirs sold him (Saul) to the South. The old lady is now dead, but Saul is in bondage, though by the will he is as free as any one, but beyond the reach of liberty. The administrator of the estate is a member of the M. E. Church, North, and holds slaves, and denied that the Church was anti-slavery; and one of them undertook a defence of the system from the Bible, and when I drove him from his position, he then said the black man was naturally mean. Said I, so is the white man naturally mean. He said he hated abolitionism more than he hated slavery."—*Zion's Herald.*

"A STATE OUT OF DEBT AND NOT WANTING MONEY.—The Little Rock *Democrat* says that the treasury of Arkansas is overflowing with gold and silver. The various funds are enumerated that have their hundreds of thousands of the hards. The treasury has no bank notes; nothing but specie in Arkansas; except a small bank debt, does not owe a cent, and has in her strong box more gold and silver than will keep the government for years without any further taxation. There are no banks in Arkansas, and the taxes are paid in gold and silver and the State passes out nothing but that kind of currency."—*Boston Post.*

Well this is cool, refreshingly cool. Arkansas owes a debt of over $3,300,000, which she has repudiated, principal and interest. No excuse is offered for this shameful conduct. The State is rich, is abundantly able to pay, and boasts an overflowing treasury, unaffected even by the present financial difficulties. A part of the repudiated debt is due to the Chickasaw Orphan fund.—*Providence Journal.*

"POISED UPON THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF HER CAPACITY."—It is gratifying to find sound political views mingled with real feeling. Gov. Johnson of Georgia has written a letter to the merchants of Savannah, in which he expresses the following sentiments:

"I confess, gentlemen, to a feeling of sectional pride, which is irresistibly awakened by a survey of the circumstances that surround us. The North is tottering with paralysis, her factories suspending, her merchants failing, and all her avenues of business blocked up with the ruins of commercial wreck. I speak not of this to rejoice over her misfortunes, but to ask what is the ultimate, and almost her only hope of relief? What can revive her commercial prosperity? Why is it that the South, amidst the thunder of the crash, stands calm and unawed, poised upon the consciousness of her capacity to outride the tempest?"

We do not know precisely how many cents a pound cotton has fallen since these enlarged and national views were expressed, but we fancy that the present decline and the future prospects are quite enough to disturb the equipoise on which the Governor so greatly vaunted himself and his section.—*Prov. Journal.*

WHAR'S DE WAY TO CANAAN.—Mrs. Stowe's book, "Dred," teaches many a lesson to white folks through a dark medium, and not the least pointed one is the rebuke given Christian denominations by "Old Tiff," for their mint, anise and cummin wrangles, while inquirers are asking the plan of salvation. "Old Tiff" has the care of the children of his dead mistress, and having told them that their mother had gone to the land of Canaan, one inquires as follows: "Uncle Tiff, where is the land of Canaan?" "De Lord-a-mercy, chile, dat ar's what I'd like to know myself. I's studdin' upon dat ar. I's gwine to camp meetin' to find out. I's been to plenty of dem ar, and never could quite see clar. 'Pears like dey talk about everything else mor'n dey does about dat. Dere's de Methodists, dey cut up de Presbyter'ans, and de Presbyter'ans pitches into de Methodists; and den both on 'ems down on de Piscopals. My ole mist' was Piscopal, and I never seed no harm in it. And de Baptists think dey a'nt none on 'em right; and while dey's a blowin' out at each other dat ar' way, *I's wondarin' whar's de way to Canaan!*"

KIDNAPPING IN NEW JERSEY.—A coloured boy named Henry Edwards, in the employ of Mr. Randolph of Newtown, Somerset Co., N. J., was kidnapped by two unknown men on Wednesday night last. It appears that the boy was sent after a stray cow about dusk, and on arriving near a wood some distance from the house, he was suddenly seized by two men, who gagged him and bound his arms with a cord. He was then conveyed to a covered wagon, which was driven off at a rapid rate, arriving near Bordentown about 4 o'clock next morning. At this place they were obliged to halt a short time on account of the drawbridge over the Raritan Canal being turned to allow boats to pass. The boy took advantage of the detention, and by kicking about in the wagon succeeded in attracting the attention of the two bridge-tenders. One of them inquired of the men what they had in the wagon, but not receiving any answer, went up to the wagon and there discovered the boy bound and gagged. The boy was taken out, when the men applied the whip to the horse and drove off at full speed. The boy on being freed started on foot for home, and arrived at Boundbrook on Saturday evening. On Sunday, C. P. Holcomb, hotel-keeper at that place, took the boy home. Mr. Randolph was considerably surprised, supposing that the boy had run away. On Monday he proceeded to Bordentown to investigate the matter, with a view of bringing the kidnappers to justice.—*Tribune.*

"PETER COOPER INSTITUTE."—The *Evangelist* says the huge pile of brown stone, at the intersection of Astor Place and Fourth Avenue, is now completed externally, and what a monument it will be to the memory of the founder. Its imposing and beautiful architectural proportions are only to be seen to be admired. It is the largest building in New York, containing more square feet of room than any other edifice. In point of size, and its adaptation to public purposes, it has no superior, perhaps no equal on this continent. It measures 195 feet on Fourth Avenue and 165 on Fourth street, towering 90 feet from the sidewalk to the cornice. The building is brown stone externally, and little less than brick, stone and iron on the inside. Over a thousand tons of iron are used in the construction, together with six millions of bricks. There are eight miles of steam-pipe for warming the building, and four miles of gas-pipe for lighting it. Internally the "Peter Cooper Institute" is a curiosity. It promises to become the most convenient and valuable building in the city for public purposes. The basement contains the monster hall, 90 feet wide and 190 long, which will seat 3,000 people. It will be beautifully lighted by glass lights in the sidewalks, and at night a flood of gas will give it both light and cheerfulness. Three thousand iron chairs, with stuffed backs and seats, the latter movable like the chairs in the Academy of Music, are now building for this hall. The first story will be occupied as stores, the second with offices, the third with two spacious lecture rooms, the fourth with the Museum Hall and galleries, 82 feet wide and 134 long, while the fifth, or attic, coming near the entire building, will be used as a picture gallery, &c. The two lecture rooms in the third story will accommodate a thousand persons each. In one, the pews of Dr. Spring's old brick church are to be placed, and in the other the seats of the Broadway Tabernacle. It is hoped the building will be ready for the May Anniversaries.

DOUGLAS SPOKE.—The "Sons of Penn" had a festival at the Tremont House on Saturday evening. Mr. Douglas being a Vermonter, was on hand of course. The occasion being purely of a social character, Mr. Douglas thrust himself forward with a political speech. The getters up of the supper desiring simply to pay a tribute to the memory of William Penn, Mr. Douglas paid his tribute by fastening the illustrious Quaker to the Nebraska Bill. Penn having been all his life hostile to slavery, Douglas has left the impression that he was no such thing—not very different on that point from Douglas himself, and so forth.

Apropos of this affair we have the following communication from a Quaker friend in the city:

CHICAGO, 10th Month, 1857.

FRIEND DOUGLAS: May be thee will dislike to receive any correction from me, but as I am wont to be of plain speech, a word from me I hope will do no harm. In thy remarks last night to the sons of Penn, at the Tremont House, thee intimated, by quoting the words of William Penn, that he was in favour of the principles of popular sovereignty embraced in thy "Nebraska Act," and did not say a word about his opposition to slavery. Now thee knows that "popular sovereignty" in that "act" was introduced only to allow slavery to become an institution of our Territories, and thee also knows that William Penn in that sense was opposed to thy "Nebraska act." Now to be plain I ask thee did thou not lie in thy speech? —*Chicago Tribune.* BROAD BRIM.

RENEWAL OF THE SLAVE TRADE.—We have, on a former occasion (says the Manchester *Guardian*), expressed strong objections to the plan of the French Government for what they call promoting emigration from the West Coast of Africa to the French West India Islands, but what we could consider in no other light than the slave trade with all its injurious consequences to the people of Africa. The apprehensions which were very generally entertained on this score in England appear likely to be fully realized, as will be shown by the following extract of a letter from Mr. Campbell, the British Consul at Lagos, to a gentleman resident in Manchester:

LAGOS, Sept 3, 1857.

The Government of France, having taken to purchase slaves in this quarter, a whole host of unwashed, bearded-faced Spaniards, Portuguese and Americans, have followed their example; and if the French persist in ccntinuing to purchase slaves at Whydah, I fear we must say good-bye to cotton from this part of Africa. Already the Abeokutans have gone to hunt for slaves. The Ibaddans, a more numerous and warlike people than the Abeokutans, are preparing to do the same in the Jaboo country, near to Lagos. To give you an idea of the influence created by nearly three years of peace, and the pursuit of legitimate commerce on the minds of the mass of the population of Abeokuta, heretofore so ready to engage in war, I send you a copy of a letter containing the proclamation of the chiefs of Abeokuta, who found the greatest unwillingness on the part of the population to follow them in this war, now they have felt what it is to earn a livelihood by peaceful trade and the cultivation of cotton, getting the whole benefit themselves; whereas when they follow the chiefs to war, they run the risk of the musket balls and poisoned arrows, and the chiefs take more than the lion's share of the slaves captured and the plunder taken.—*Manchester Guardian.*

THE CHASE AND CAPTURE OF AN AMERICAN SLAVER.—The London *Illustrated News* of Sept. 19th contains the following account of the capture of the schooner Abbott Devereux, an American vessel which for several years traded between Savannah and Cuba:

H. M. S. TEASER, LAGOS,
WEST COAST OF AFRICA, Aug. 6, 1857.

Having seen in one of your recent numbers an engraving, and likewise the short account of the capture of a slaver, I thought, perhaps, this might be equally acceptable. Early on Sunday morning last, being off Whytah, and about sixty miles at sea, the masthead man reported a strange sail; sail was immediately made on our ship, but to no purpose, as she made three feet to our two. Steam was now got up, and the chase began in earnest. After about two hours' hard chase we had neared her very considerably. Casks, boats, hampers, in fact everything they could throw overboard to lighten their vessel they did. We now fired our Long Tom in order to bring her to, but to no purpose. The chase, now, you may suppose, kept bravely on, although our shot (32-pounder) nearly fell on her deck more than once. She tried every means to escape, and kept on to the very last, hoping, no doubt, that our machinery might give out. She hove to about four o'clock. A loud hurrah proclaimed the event. I took a sketch (which I have enclosed, it is a truthful one) immediately after the capture. She proved to be the Abbot Devereux, a vessel of 120 tons, with 235 slaves, and a mixed crew, consisting of Spaniards, Americans, Portuguese and Brazilians, twenty-seven in all. As soon as we boarded her the hatches were opened, and such a scene never was witnessed. The slaves had been battened down all day during our nine hours' chase, they were all sea sick, and the stench and filth were indescribable; perhaps you can imagine 235 human beings shut up in a place 50 feet by 20 feet, and only 3 feet 6 inches high, just room enough to wear the top of their heads when they are in a sitting position. During the chase we ran a distance of eighty-five miles.

ELI THAYER'S YANKEE COLONY IN VIRGINIA.—The Cincinnati *Gazette* has a letter from Ceredo, the new town in Virginia, the building of which has just been commenced by the Yankee Colony under Eli Thayer. The writer says:

"As I approached, a busy scene presented itself on the opposite shore. Workmen and teams were engaged in digging down the highest bank, and opening a highway from the river to the town that is to be. The grade will be carried far back, so as to be of the easiest and gentlest slope to be found perhaps anywhere on the Ohio. After reaching the top of the bank, some of the advantages of the location were apparent at a glance. One of the widest bottoms on the whole river stretches away for miles above and below. The soil is sandy, eminently favourable to dry cellars and basements. There is a sufficient slope every here to carry off all surface water. An excellent quality of building stone is close at hand and in great abundance. This is also the natural and most feasible terminus, I understand, of the great Central Virginia Railway, now being constructed from Norfolk to the Ohio river, and which is already completed as far as Covington, between the Blue Ridge and Alleghanies.

"The season was so far advanced when operations were commenced, that there can be little show of buildings this winter. However, quite a number of cellars are already dug, and foundation walls laid up. Forty thousand dollars worth of steam engines, now lying at Parkersburg, will be floated down this week, and set in operation as soon as suitable shelter can be provided: and when Spring opens, the work will go vigorously onward.

"The town of Ceredo is in Wayne County, which was formerly a part of Cabell. A few persons in Cabell having taken about Guyandotte felt jealous of the new town, and got up a meeting a few weeks since to denounce the Yankee invaders."

In reply to this meeting there was a gathering at Ceredo on the 13th inst., when Eli Thayer, at considerable length, defended his projects from the various attacks made against them.

COLOURED PEOPLE OF WASHINGTON.—About one-fifth of the population of Washington are people of colour, of whom again about one-fifth, I believe, are slaves. Apparently, the coloured population is in very comfortable condition. They are well clothed, well treated and well employed. I have never before seen so active, industrious, intelligent looking and civilized looking a coloured population. Besides domestic service, which they share largely with the Irish and Germans, they are employed as porters, teamsters, coachmen, and in all sorts of miscellaneous labour. They have several flourishing churches and schools, and seem to be, in short, quite as well off as the common labouring class in any of our Northern cities.

On paper, that is to say on the statute-book of the city, the coloured people are subject to absurd and disgraceful regulations, copied apparently from the police codes of Vienna, Paris, or some other despotic capital. For example, no free person of colour can have a dance, a ball or assembly at his or her house, without first having obtained a permit from the Mayor (as in Paris from the Chief of Police), in which shall be mentioned the place, time of meeting, number of guests, and hour of breaking up the party. No free black is allowed to go at large through the City of Washington at a later hour than 10 o'clock at night without a pass, except the drivers of vehicles. Offenders against this statute may be arrested and confined in prison until the following morning, and then be fined $10, at the discretion of a Justice of the Peace. There are also regulations, similar to those in force in the despotic monarchies of Europe, by which free people of colour becoming residents of the city are obliged to register themselves and give bonds for good behaviour. Practically these statutes appear to be nearly obsolete, and they are certainly not generally enforced. To some extent they have had a good effect upon the morals of the coloured population, by restricting their opportunities for dissipation. They might, without much harm to the community, be extended to and put in force against a portion of the white population; for Washington is just now badly infested by gangs of rowdies, whose nightly outrages the police does not seem strong enough or efficient enough to restrain.—*Cor. Trib.*

MARRIED.

CATTELL—MACEY.—On the 27th ult., by Rev. A. S. Macey, at the residence of the bride's father, in Frankfort, Ky., Senator Jonas D. Cattell, of Salem, Ohio, and Miss Cordelia T. Macey, of the former place.

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Contributions to the American Anti-Slavery Society from Sept. 1st to Oct. 31st, 1857, through SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

Binghamton, N. Y.	$17 37	William Wright,	25
Waverly, "	5 32	S. Bunnell,	25
Owego, "	8 32	J. R. Wood,	25
Corning, "	2 85	Isaac Brooks,	1 00
Elmira, "	2 79	D. Ladner,	25
Penn Yan, N. Y.		D. C. Thayer,	2 00
J. W. Hartshorn,	5 00	Isaac Ladner,	50
W. W. Hartshorn,	5 00	J. H. Garner,	1 00
Abigail H. Barrett,	2 00	Martha Ann Garner,	1 00
Mrs. B. H. Brown,	2 00	J. S. Minely,	30
A. Barrett,	1 00	D. C. Bislop,	22
G. A. Shepherd,	1 00	Aaron Bishhop,	30
A. Christian,	75	Rebecca Ladner,	25
General Collection,	4 66	J. L. Bishop,	10
Collins School House,	2 02	B. J. Butler,	25
Mortons Corners,	1 48	Marilla Fish,	25
Marshfield,	1 35	Betsey Ladner,	15
Collins Centre,	13 97	Andula Brooks,	1 00
Gowanda,	1 08	Anna Minely,	10
Delanti,	3 47	Susan W. Bishop,	50
Howards Corners,	4 66	Gears School House,	39
Westfield,	2 45	Conneautville,	1 71
Linesville, Pa.		Lockport,	1 22
Girard School House,	1 22	*Painsville, O.*	
General Collection,	2

Miscellaneous Department.

TOUCHING THE LORD HAMLET.

MANY persons are aware that the story of Hamlet is taken from the Danish historian Saxo-Grammaticus. At the same time, few persons have read so much as a line of Saxon-Grammaticus, for he wrote in Latin, and his book is a folio. By writing in Latin, a man secures immortality at the expense of popularity. What he gains in duration he loses in extension. Nor are folios opened with avidity at the present day. People like to read in an easy position, possibly with legs horizontally placed, and to hold a light volume in their hands. A folio, resting against a reading-desk, defies every attempt at luxurious indolence.

Under these circumstances, it is probable that many persons know exceedingly little of the traditionary character of Hamlet, and that when they heard him hint to his friends that he is about "to put an antick disposition" on, they fancy that the grave pleasantries of the tragedy were the sole consequences of his voluntary eccentricity. Hence, at the risk of offending antiquaries by the narration of a (to them) well-known tale, we shall show to the general reader what a funny person Hamlet really was—that is to say, if Saxo-Grammaticus be a faithful historian.

Once upon a time—and a very long time ago it was, for Ruric was the son of Hoder, who killed Balder, son of the god Odin—once upon a time, when Ruric reigned over Denmark, the province of Jutland was governed by two brothers, in the capacity of joint-viceroys. One of these, named Horwendil, slew the King of Norway in single combat, and presented so large a share of Norwegian booty to Ruric, that the grateful monarch bestowed upon him the hand of his daughter Gerutha. Of this marriage Hamlet was the result.

Fengo, the other viceroy, instead of rejoicing at his brother's good fortune, murdered him out of sheer envy, and married Gerutha himself. To account for this singular proceeding, he explained to King Ruric, that the deceased was in the habit of maltreating his wife to such a degree that his murder was absolutely necessary, in order to relieve a most charming and inoffensive lady from an exceeding disagreeable position. King Ruric, who tenderly loved his daughter, found this explanation perfectly satisfactory, and confirmed the second marriage.

Thus, for a time, the matter blew over: but in the meanwhile the boy Hamlet, thinking that he might be murdered in his turn, began to feign idiocy, that he might thus appear too insignificant for his uncle's suspicions. He jabbered a great deal of nonsense; he contrived that his figure should approach as nearly as possible to that of a scarecrow, and he smutted over his face, so that his features were scarcely discernible. However, when he made certain wooden hooks, and having baked them in the fire, concealed them carefully, saying that they were arrows for his father's murderer, the more shrewd persons of the court, notwithstanding the laughter of the fools, deemed there was some "method in his madness," and communicated their doubts to the viceroy.

Fengo, therefore, determined to watch his nephew closely; and, on one occasion when Hamlet took a ride into the woods with some youth of his own age, it was expected that his true character would be revealed. But his foster-brother warned him that he was surrounded by spies, and accordingly, to sustain his character for imbecility, he mounted his horse with his head towards the tail—which he used as a bridle—thereby causing much laughter and diversion.

Had Hamlet lived at the end of the seventeenth century, instead of flourishing at the commencement of the year nothing, we should have concluded that he framed his sham character on the model of Charles the Second, as described by that famous epigram, which says that the Merry Monarch

> "never said a foolish thing,
> And never did a wise one."

Since, while by the excessive stupidity of his acts he maintained his reputation for insanity, he constantly shook the very belief he wished to establish by sayings of remarkable shrewdness. Thus, on the occasion of the notable ride into the wood, a wolf happened to cross his path:

"What's that?" said Hamlet.

"A young foal," replied one of the attendants; winking, no doubt, at the rest.

"Aha," quoth Hamlet, "there are many such foals at Fengo's court."

Ere the sting occasioned by this sarcasm had quite ceased to tingle, the party arrived at the sea-shore, where the rudder of a wrecked ship was the first object that met their gaze. The graceless youths, intending once more to "poke their fun" at the demented prince, exclaimed:

"Look, what a big knife we have found!"

But Hamlet reflected for a while, and then said, gravely: "Of a truth the ham must have been large, that such a knife was intended to cut," thereby referring to the sea, and possibly the saltness thereof. But, not quieted by this sharp retort, his facetious comrades proceeded to explain to him that the sand on the shore was flour, and that the pebbles were groats. But Hamlet said: "Such flour as that has been ground by the storm and the white-foaming billows."

These jokes may not appear very brilliant now, but they made a great sensation in the year nothing, and the court of King Ruric was often convulsed with laughter on hearing of "Hamlet's last." Indeed, there is no doubt that Hamlet and Yorick were historically one and the same person.

However, delightful as the mad prince's jokes were considered by other persons, they were not liked by his uncle, Fengo, who always suspected that some mischief was brooding, and was determined to worm out his nephew's real character. He, therefore, by the counsel of a friend, feigned to leave the country on some urgent matter, that during his supposed absence, Hamlet might have an interview with his mother, at which the same friend engaged to be present, unseen. The interview took place, and Fengo's friend, according to promise, hid himself under a heap of straw, that constituted an important part of the furniture of the royal apartment. With his usual shrewdness Hamlet guessed there was something wrong in the room, and to ascertain whether his suspicions were correct, danced upon the straw, clapping his hands and crowing like a cock, to the great astonishment of his mother and to the infinite annoyance of the listening friend, who had to endure all the weight of the prince's eccentricities. Naturally enough something began to move beneath the straw, and that something—which the reader may, if he pleases, call Polonius—was immediately transfixed by the sword of Hamlet. Queen Gerutha, shocked at this new manifestation of madness, began to weep aloud, but Hamlet, dropping the mask, read her a severe lecture on the impropriety of her position. His words seemed to have an effect, as, indeed, well they might, for they were marked by a ruffianly coarseness which could not be exceeded, and of which Shakspeare does not convey the slightest idea. In the fullest sense of the expression, Hamlet gave his mother a "bit of his mind," and a very unsavoury bit of a very gross mind it was.

Fengo, on his return, missed his friend, for Hamlet had not only killed that most unfortunate of courtiers, but had boiled down his limbs, and thrown them into the sewer to be devoured by the pigs. This deed the prince openly avowed, but those who heard him merely thought that he was uttering one of his mad pleasantries, and laughed as usual. Indeed, at the court of Jutland everybody seems to have been an arrant blockhead, with the single exception of Fengo himself. That worthy viceroy would have killed his nephew without further ado, had he not feared to offend King Ruric, who, as we have seen, was the lad's maternal grandfather. To get rid of Hamlet stratagem was necessary, and accordingly the good youth was sent on an embassy to Britain—a proceeding which, as he was a reputed maniac, must have been deemed highly complimentary to the British court. Two Danish gentlemen—whom the reader may, if he pleases, call Rosencrantz and Guildenstern—were, moreover, appointed to accompany him, and they secretly carried with them (by turns, we presume) a bit of wood, with certain letters carved upon it, requesting the king of Britain to put Hamlet to death. It may be observed that, in the days of King Ruric, bits of carved wood were the approved means for carrying on an epistolary correspondence. With all that cleverness that seems to have been inherent in the Jutland Court, the two confidential gentlemen went to sleep one night in Hamlet's presence with the precious document in one of their pockets. Of course the pockets were rummaged by the artful prince, and of course he found the wooden despatch, which he had no sooner read than he shaved off the inscription and carved another, in which he not only named the two sleepers as the persons to be killed, but also forged a request from Fengo, that the king of Britain would be kind enough to give his daughter to Hamlet for a wife.

The policy pursued by Hamlet during his sojourn in Britain was the very reverse of that which he had adopted while he was at home in Jutland. Among the Danes he wished to pass for a fool or a madman; by the Britons he wished to be thought a model of wisdom. He first excited the general wonder by refusing to taste a single morsel, or to drink a single drop at the very munificent banquet which the king of Britain had provided for his reception. Indeed, so much was the hospitable monarch surprised by an abstinence so unusual in the good old times, that when Hamlet and his attendants had retired to their sleeping-apartments he ordered one of his servants to listen at the door, and pick up as much as he could of the conversation. Hamlet's attendants, who shared the general curiosity, no sooner found themselves alone with him, than they inquired into the cause of his mysterious abstinence. He quietly told them that the bread was stained with blood, that the drink tasted of iron, and that the meat smelt like a human corpse—all good and weighty reasons for not making a hearty meal. His companions further asked him what he thought of the king and queen of Britain; and his answer showed that his opinion of the illustrious pair was not very exalted. The king, he said, had the eyes of a serf, and as for the queen, she betrayed her slavish origin by three distinct signs.

Now, the king of Britain was naturally of a kindly and pacific disposition, with the additional qualification of that laudable spirit of curiosity that in later days has been styled the desire of knowledge. So, instead of flying into a passion when his servants informed him of Hamlet's disrespectful observations, he thought they were worthy of a cool and serious inquiry. Beginning with the subject of dinner, he asked where the bread came from, and presently learned, on the authority of the court-baker, that the corn of which it was made was the produce of a field in which a great battle had been fought, and which had been selected by judicious agriculturists on account of its excessive fertility. Clearly, Hamlet was not so wrong about the bread; so the admiring king pursued his investigations with reference to the bacon, when it turned out that the pigs of the royal stye had on one occasion, broken loose, and feasted on the corpse of a malefactor who had paid the last penalty of the law. Moreover, in the well from which the water had been drawn for the supply of the royal table, sundry rusty swords were found, and this accounted for the taste of iron. The fine taste and the fine nose of Hamlet could not be sufficiently admired by the excellent king of Britain, who was resolved to look into those little family matters that had been likewise touched upon by his Danish guest. Accordingly, he sent for his mother, the Queen-dowager of Britain, and having asked her, very seriously, why he had the eyes of a serf, received the agreeable information that a certain slave, who had been made prisoner of war, held a more important position in the royal pedigree than had generally been imagined. Hamlet was right again! He was therefore personally questioned as to the three signs of slavish origin he had remarked in the behaviour of the queen-consort. Not in the least daunted, Hamlet replied, that in the first place the illustrious lady was in the habit of wearing the hood of her cloak over her head, contrary to the usages of what Osric calls "soft society;" that in the second place, when she walked she tucked up her gown by the girdle; and that in the third place, when after dinner she used her tooth-pick, she swallowed the extracted particles of food instead of spitting them out with royal dignity.

Oh, happy were the days when Ruric was king of Denmark, when Fengo was lord-lieutenant of Jutland, and when What's-his-name reigned over this island! Talent had a chance of being rewarded then, especially at the British court. Far from reproving Hamlet for his matchless impertinence, the enlightened king of Britain was in ecstacies at his acuteness, and at once gave him his daughter in marriage, thanking the gods for sending him such a clever son-in-law. That the wedding might not want its proper solemnity, the two attendants were duly hung up on the very day after the ceremony. The advantage which Hamlet took of this latter circumstance can scarcely be called handsome. Although he had artfully contrived the destruction of his comrades, he pretended to be excessively enraged at their death, and the king of Britain, who felt great awe at Danish indignation, gave him, by way of compensation, a large sum in gold, which the astute Hamlet melted, and poured into two hollow sticks.

After he had lived in Britain about a year, he thought he would like to see his native Jutland once more, so, having asked the king for leave of absence, and obtained it the same, he set off with his two loaded sticks, to visit the "Old folks at home." The first spectacle that met his eye in the royal palace, was the celebration of his own funeral, held on the strength of a report that he had died in Britain; and greatly astounded were the mourners, when he reappeared amongst them, looking as silly and dirty as ever. When he was asked what had become of his two companions, he showed the two sticks, and said, "Here they are, the pair of them." Of course this reply was set down to the account of the old imbecility, and caused explosions of laughter, for these Jutlanders were not aware that the sticks contained the worth in bullion of the two executed gentlemen; nor had they reached the high philosophy of Hamlet, which taught him that a man's money-value is, in fact, the man himself.

Neither was it suspected in Denmark, that the funeral ceremonies, which were so strangely interrupted by the safe return of the deceased, had been contrived by that very person. Before Hamlet had set out for Britain, he had had a second interview with his mother, in the course of which he requested her to pretend, after his absence for a year, that she had received news of his death, to perform as much of a funeral as is possible when the corpse is wanting, and to hang the great hall of the palace with netted tapestry. By Queen Gerutha, who was of a remarkably pliant disposition, all these orders were carefully followed, though she knew well enough that she would see her son again at the end of a twelvemonth.

Most obstreperous was Hamlet in congratulating himself on his own happy return. The quantity of wine that he procured for the refreshment of the courtiers was enormous, and he added a practical joke to his verbal pleasantries, dancing about with a drawn sword, that he flourished in the most reckless fashion, so that all were at their wits' end for fear they might receive some unlucky gash or thrust. His own fingers he really did cut, and the courtiers took advantage of the circumstance to fasten the sword to the scabbard with a nail.

Through all these proceedings, a great deal of drinking went on, till at last every one of the courtiers had fallen from his bench, and was lying senseless on the floor. Hamlet now took from his hiding-place the wooden hooks that had caused so much mirth in early days, removed the net-hangings from the walls, and so fastened them over the sleepers, by means of the hooks, that escape was impossible. This done, he simply set fire to the palace, and proceeding to Fengo's chamber, took down the sword that was hanging over the sleeping king, and hung up his own in its place. Great was the consternation of Fengo when he was awakened by a voice that said, in no pleasing tone, "Fengo, your brave men are burning to ashes, and Hamlet is here to avenge the death of his father." The first impulse of Fengo was to reach down the suspended sword, but as that unlucky weapon was fastened to its sheath, it proved a sorry defence against the sharp blade wielded by Hamlet, and the fratricide viceroy now received his mortal blow.

Now, it was quite possible that Hamlet's conduct on this eventful night might not be in accordance with the views of Jutland generally. With that prudence that was his leading virtue he retired, therefore, to a safe hiding-place, whence he could watch the aspect of the political horizon. When the break of day revealed the gloomy spectacle of a palace in ruins and a heap of half-burned corpses, the early rising part of the population, not seeing any one who could tell them how it had all happened, were not a little puzzled. Sentiments were varied—some were indignant at the wholesale slaughter, some wept, while a third party, which seems to have been that of the majority, hinted that the event was to be regarded as rather fortunate than otherwise. On this hint, Hamlet issued from his nook, and made an effective speech, in which he avowed what he had done, gloried that he had avenged his father's murder; and, in short, managed matters so well, that a general shout proclaimed him the successor of Fengo.

When he was firmly established in his province, Hamlet fitted up three ships in a most expensive manner, and paid a visit to his father-in-law in Britain. His numerous attendants carried gilded shields, while his own target was ornamented with a pictorial record of the deeds he had done. Never had the Britons seen so fine a sight. The good king, however, found himself in a moral difficulty. He had, it seems, solemnly sworn to Fengo that he would avenge his death, if it occurred otherwise than by the course of nature, and now Fengo was slain by the person whom the king esteemed above everybody else in the world. Hamlet must be got rid of somehow or other; but, if he were put to death in the palace, the laws of hospitality would be shamefully violated. It was clear that he must be sent somewhere else in order to be killed, and Scotland at last suggested itself for the purpose. Scotland was at this time governed by a maiden queen, named Hermutruda, who was so fierce, and withal entertained such a dislike to matrimony, that if a suitor presented himself, the popping of the question was instantly followed by a pugilistic execution. Hamlet was to solicit the hand of this lady for the King of Britain, who had recently become a widower, and the Scottish queen, it was hoped, would dispatch him according to precedent. Thus would Fengo be avenged, and the British king would be released from his moral difficulty.

However, when Hamlet reached the Scottish court, affairs took a turn which the king of Britain had not contemplated. The terrible queen was greatly struck by the picture on Hamlet's shield, and told him in a few words, that if he would woo her on his own account, instead of courting by proxy, she would gladly bestow her hand upon him. The queen was not only fierce but fair, and Hamlet's heart had ever been susceptible to feminine beauty. Therefore, we grieve to relate, he jumped at the offer, regardless of the tie in the south of the island, and having married the Queen of Scotland, had the consummate assurance to return to the king of Britain, with his new wife, and a train of young Scots at his heels.

Hamlet's first wife, the British princess, was a gentle, forgiving creature, who was so delighted at her husband's safe return, that she vowed not only to love him still, but to love his second wife also. With these professions she met him on the road, bearing in her arms an infant to which she had lately given birth. At the same time she warned him that her father did not entertain the same liberal views on the subject of family affronts, and that he had better be on his guard against stratagem. When this amiable discourse had proceeded so far, the old king came up, embraced Hamlet as if nothing had happened, and invited him to a banquet in the palace. Hamlet was nothing loth, but, as his old prudence did not forsake him, he managed to put on a suit of armour, which was concealed by his upper garments. Nor did this precaution prove useless, for no sooner did Hamlet make his appearance at the palace-gate, than the king flung a spear that would have gone through the body of the Dane, had it not been checked by the unexpected obstacle. The enmity of the king being thus revealed, Hamlet retreated to the spot where he had left his Scottish adherents; but was immediately pursued by his enemy, who routed the little force of Scotsmen, and would have destroyed every man of them, had he not been interrupted by the approach of night. When darkness had set in, Hamlet did one of those clever things, that have justly earned him immortality in the Danish chronicles. Instead of resting himself, he carefully picked up the bodies of the slain, and raising some into the perpendicular with the aid of sticks and big stones, while he placed others on horseback, he made them present a very formidable appearance. Hence, when the morning broke and the Britons saw the new force, they stood stupidly staring, wondering whence the auxiliaries could have come. Hamlet was not the man to lose an opportunity; at the head of the remaining Scotsmen, he charged the gaping Britons, whereupon a general rout ensued, in which the king was slain.

Matters being thus settled in Britain, Hamlet returned with both his wives to Jutland, where he found himself involved in a constitutional difficulty. The people had, it is true, raised him to the head of the provincial government on the death of Fengo, but then this post was the gift of the Danish crown; and though Hamlet's maternal grandfather Ruric, from family considerations, might have been induced to forego some of his rights, that venerable monarch was no more, and his successor Wigleth was a person who would not bate an inch of his privileges. Indeed, the new king had already despoiled Gerutha of all her possessions on account of the delinquency of her son. A war between the king and the irregularly elected viceroy resulted from this false position, but when the two armies came in sight of each other, Hamlet, who had had several gloomy forebodings, wished to shun the contest. At last he yielded to the persuasions of his second wife Hermutruda, who promised that she would follow him, and kill herself in the event of his death. A conflict ensued, in which Hamlet was slain, whereupon Hermutruda immediately married Wigleth, and thus became Queen of Denmark.

ENGLAND'S SUMMER, 1857.

THE echoes of the rage of war
Fade in the Eastern distance;
"Two years ago" looms very far
In our well-filled existence:
On that broad East, yet more remote,
We waste not thought or feeling,
But muse on British flags afloat,
And swarthy millions kneeling.

Week after week the summer sun,
Undimmed by cloud or shower,
With an Italian speed brings on
The happy harvest hour;
The arts of peace, by plenty nurst,
Proclaim the world's alliance,
Even in the merry trumpet burst,
And shouts of gay defiance.

Then flash along the sentient wire
Some words so brief and fearful,
That they who hear them scarce desire
To see their children cheerful:
Tidings that through wild Hindostan,
Where Britain's rule stood surest,
No life is safe of Christian man,
The loftiest or the poorest.

Is it a nation roused to meet
In arms a strange dominion?
A people maddened by the heat
Of just or false opinion?
No; soldiers, cared for as our sons,
And clothed with England's honour,
Have turned their parricidal guns
With basest craft upon her!

Soon things that make young blood run cold
We whisper, while we tremble;
Or cry that truths shall not be told
We to ourselves dissemble;
And hideous images affright
Our soul's deep hiding-places,
And in our sleep we start at sight
Of unknown forms and faces.

Our fair expanse of green and gold
Can hardly find us grateful,
The very sun that could behold
Such scenes is almost hateful;
Warm rays flare up to cruel heat,
We sicken and we languish,
With those on whose sad heads they beat
Intolerable anguish!

We mark, as comes the breeze of morn
To freshen and to sweeten
The ripples of the oaten corn,
The billows of the wheaten;
And feel that not one such sweet breath
Can reach where parch'd and tangled
The earth gives up to wasting death
Our brethren foully mangled.

And oh! the pangs of those who know
What never must be spoken—
Hearts that will hear about the woe
Of memory until broken:
God give them thoughts of those who died
In Christendom's first ages,
The child, the veteran, and the bride,
The saints of history's pages!

For these are Christian martyrs too—
And England's all the dearer:
The mighty work she has to do
These agonies bring nearer;
Conjuring her by that pure blood
No moment to abandon
The task of world-embracing good
She once has laid her hand on.

She cannot match the devilish deed,
Nor mate the hideous treason,
Her blow is not the traitor's meed,
But self-defending reason:
That will be lavish of its life,
And hold all cost uncounted,
Till through the length and breadth of strife
This peril be surmounted.

Then may she pardon—only then—
When shamed and conscience-stricken,
The credulous or slothful men
Who let the horror thicken—
Who little knew and nothing planned
The evil bound to sever,
Nor dared to burst it with the hand
Of resolute endeavour.

Yet while the rulers we condemn,
Who failed in due provision,
We trust for Britain, as for them,
In history's great decision—
That subject lands more justly ruled,
And strength more mildly wielded,
Had never been, than when befooled
To noble hopes we yielded;

Hopes of a world the force of law,
The worth of knowledge prizing;
From Heathendom's debasing awe
To Christian reverence rising;
Hopes of a people struggling forth
From custom's deep entrancement,
Led by the conquerors of the north
To Freedom's safe advancement.

Be this an Oriental tale
By Saxon pride engendered,
Hopes for a hundred years may fail,
Yet not be all surrendered:
And now from each distracting scene
Of passion fiercely nourished,
We know what India might have been
Had Moslem tyrants flourished:

So would have been, and yet would be,
If England shrunk from duty.
Then watch your harvest wealth with glee;
Rejoice in Nature's beauty,
Making her bounties ministers
Of toil and self-denial,
And Victory's surest harbingers,
After the fiery trial.

—*R. M. M., in London Times.*

MRS. JAMESON'S VISIT TO RETZSCH.

WE extract the following charming account of a visit to the great German painter, in 1833, from Mrs. Jameson's "Sketches of Art," soon to be published in Boston.

"I consider my introduction to Moritz Retzsch as one of the most memorable and agreeable incidents of my short sojourn at Dresden.

"This extraordinary genius, who is almost as popular and interesting in England as in his own country, seems to have received from nature a double portion of the inventive faculty—that rarest of all her good gifts, even to those who are her especial favourites. As his published works, by which he is principally known in England (the Outlines to the Faust, to Shakspeare, to Schiller's Song of the Bell, etc), are illustrations of the ideas of others, few but those who may possess some of his original drawings are aware that Retzsch is himself a poet of the first order, using his glorious power of graphic delineation to throw into form the conceptions, thoughts, aspirations of his own glowing imagination and fertile fancy. Retzsch was born at Dresden in 1779, and has never, I believe, been far from his native place. From childhood he was a singular being, giving early indications of his imitative power by drawing or carving in wood resemblances of the objects which struck his attention, without the slightest idea in himself or others of becoming eventually an artist; and I have even heard that when he was quite a youth, his enthusiastic mind, labouring with a power which he felt rather than knew, his love of the wilder aspects of nature and impatience of the restraints of artificial life, had nearly induced him to become a huntsman or forester (*jäger*) in the royal service. However, at the age of twenty, his love of art became a decided vocation. The little property he had inherited or accumulated was dissipated during that war, which swept like a whirlwind over all Germany, overwhelming prince and peasant, artist, mechanic, in one wide-spreading desolation. Since that time Retzsch has depended on his talents alone—content to live poor in a poor country. He has, by the exertion of his talents, achieved for himself a small independence, and contributed to the support of a large family of relations, also ruined by the casualties of war. His usual residence is at his own pretty little farm or vineyard a few miles from Dresden. When in the town, where his duties as professor of the academy frequently call him, he lodges in a small house in the Neustadt, close upon the banks of the Elbe, in a retired and beautiful situation. Thither I was conducted by our mutual friend N———, whose appreciation of Retzsch's talents, and knowledge of his peculiarities, rendered him the best possible intermediator on this occasion.

"The professor received us in a room which appeared to answer many purposes, being obviously a sleeping as well as a sitting-room, but perfectly neat. I saw at once that there was everywhere a woman's superintending eye and thoughtful care; but did not know that he was married. He received us with open-hearted frankness, at the same time throwing on the stranger one of those quick glances which seemed to look through me: in return, I contemplated him with inexpressible interest. His figure is rather larger, and more portly than I had expected; but I admired his fine Titanic head, so large, and so sublime in its expression; his light blue eye, wild and wide, which seemed to drink in meaning and flash out light; his hair profuse, grizzled, and flowing in masses round his head? and his expanded brow full of poetry and power. In his deportment he is a mere child of nature, simple, careless, saying just what he feels and thinks at the moment, without regard to forms; yet pleasing from the benevolent earnestness of his manner, and intuitively polite without being polished.

"After some conversation, he took us into his painting room. As a colourist, I believe his style is criticised, and open to criticism; it is at least singular. But I must confess that while I was looking over his things, I was engrossed by the one conviction—that while his peculiar merits, and the preference of one manner to another, may be a matter of argument or taste, it is certain and indisputable that no one paints *like* Retzsch, and that, in the original power and fertility of *conception*, in the quantity of *mind* which he brings to bear upon his subject, he is in his own style unequalled and inimitable. I was rather surprised to see in some of his designs and pencil drawings, the most elaborate delicacy of touch, and most finished execution of parts, combined with a fancy which seems to run wild over his paper or his canvas; but only *seems*—for it must be remarked, that with all this luxuriance of imagination, there is no exaggeration either of form or feeling: he is peculiar, fantastic, even extravagant—but never false in sentiment or expression. The reason is, that in Retzsch's character the moral sentiments are strongly developed; where *they* are deficient, let the artist who aims at the highest poetical department of excellence despair, for no possession of creative talent, nor professional skill, nor conventional taste, will supply the main deficiency.

"I saw in Retzsch's *atelier* many things novel, beautiful and interesting; but will note only a few, which have dwelt upon my memory as being characteristic of the man as well as the artist.

"There was, on a small panel, the head of an angel smiling. He said he was often pursued by dark fancies, hunted by melancholy forebodings, desponding over himself and his art, 'and he resolved to create an angel for himself, which should smile upon him out of heaven.' So he painted this most lovely head, in which the radiant spirit of joy seems to beam from every feature at once; and I thought, while I looked upon it, that it were enough to exorcise a whole legion of blue devils. It is rarely that we can associate the mirthful with the beautiful and the sublime—even I could have deemed it next to impossible; but the effulgent cheerfulness of this divine face corrected that idea, which, after all, is not in bright lovely nature, but in the shadow which the mighty spirit of humanity casts from his wings, as he hangs brooding over her, between heaven and earth.

"Afterward he placed upon his easel a wondrous face, which made me shrink back—not with terror, for it was perfectly beautiful—but with awe, for it was unspeakably fearful: the hair streamed back from the pale brow—the orbs of sight appeared at first two dark, hollow, unfathomable spaces, like those in a skull; but when I drew nearer, and looked attentively, two lovely living eyes looked at me again out of the depth of shadow, as if from the bottom of an abyss. The mouth was divinely sweet, but sad, and the softest repose rested on every feature. This, he told me, was the ANGEL OF DEATH: it was the original conception of a head for the large picture now at Vienna, representing the Angel of Death bearing aloft two children into the regions of the blessed; the heavens opening above, and the earth and stars sinking beneath his feet.

"The next thing which struck me was a small picture—two satyrs butting at each other, while a shepherd carries off the nymph for whom they are contending. This was most admirable for its grotesque power and spirit, and, moreover, extremely well coloured. Another in the same style represented a satyr sitting on a wine-skin, out of which he drinks; two arch-looking nymphs are stealing on him from behind, and one of them pierces the wine-skin with her hunting-spear.

"There was a portrait of himself, but I would not laud it—in fact, he has not done himself justice. Only a colossal bust, in the same style, and wrought with the same feeling as Danneckar's bust of Schiller, could convey to posterity an adequate idea of the head and countenance of Retzsch. I complimented him on the effect which his Hamlet had produced in England; he told me that it had been his wish to illustrate the Midsummer Night's Dream, or the Tempest, rather than Macbeth: the former he will still undertake, and, in truth, if any one succeeds in embodying a just idea of a Miranda, a Caliban, a Titania, and the poetical burlesque of the Athenian clowns, it will be Retzsch, whose genius embraces at once the grotesque, the comic, the wild, the wonderful, the fanciful, the elegant!

"A few days afterward we accepted Retzsch's invitation to visit him at his *campagna*—for whether it were farm-house, villa or vineyard, or all together, I could not well decide. The drive was delicious. The road wound along the banks of the magnificent Elbe, the gently-swelling hills, all laid out in vineyards, rising on our right; and though it was in the month of November, the air was as soft as summer. Retzsch, who had perceived our approach from his window, came out to meet us; took me under his arm as if we had been friends of twenty years' standing, and, leading me into his picturesque *domicile*, introduced me to his wife—as pretty a piece of domestic poetry as one shall see in a summer's day. She was the daughter of a vine-dresser, whom Retzsch fell in love with while she was yet almost a child, and educated for his wife—at least so runs the tale. At the first glance I detected the original of that countenance which, more or less idealized, runs through all his representations of female youth and beauty; here was the model, both in feature and expression. She smiled upon us a most cordial welcome, regaled us with delicious coffee and cakes, prepared by herself; then, taking up her knitting, sat down beside us, and, while I turned over admiringly the beautiful designs with which her husband had decorated her album, the looks of veneration and love with which she regarded him, and the expression of kindly, delighted sympathy with which she smiled upon me, I shall not easily forget. As for the album itself, queens might have envied her such homage: and what would not a *dilettante* collector have given for such a possession!

"I remember two or three of these designs, which must serve to give an idea of the rest: First—The good genius descending to bless his wife. Second—The birthday of his wife: a lovely female infant is asleep under a vine, which is wreathed round the tree of life; the spirits of the four elements are bringing votive gifts with which they endow her. Third—The Enigma of Human Life. The genius of Humanity is reclining on the back of a gigantic sphinx, of which the features are averted, and partly veiled by a cloud; he holds a rose half-withered in his hand, and looks up with a divine expression towards two butterflies which have escaped from the chrysalis state, and are sporting above his head; at his feet are a dead bird and reptile, emblematical of sin and death. Fourth—The genius of Art, represented as a young Apollo, turns, with a melancholy, abstracted air, the handle of a barrel-organ, while Vulgarity, Ignorance and Folly listen with approbation; meantime his lyre and his palette lie neglected at his feet, together with an empty purse and wallet: the mixture of pathos, poetry and satire in this little drawing can hardly be described in words. Fifth—Hope, represented by a lovely group of playful children, who are peeping under a hat for a butterfly, which they fancy they have caught, but which has escaped, and is hovering above their reach. Sixth—Temptation presented to youth and innocence by an evil spirit, while a good genius warns them to beware. In this drawing the figures of the boy and girl, but more particularly of the latter, appeared to me of the most consummate and touching beauty. Seventh—His wife walking on a windy day: a number of little sylphs are agitating her drapery, lifting the tresses of her hair, playing with her sash; while another party have flown off with her hat, and are bearing it away in triumph.

"After spending three or four hours delightfully, we drove home in silence by the gleaming, murmuring river, and beneath the light of silent stars. On a subsequent visit, Retzsch showed me many of these delicious *phantasie*, or fancies, as he termed them—or, more truly, little pieces of moral and lyrical poetry, thrown into palpable form, speaking in the universal language of the eye to the universal heart of man. I remember, in particular, one of striking and even of appalling interest. The Genius of Humanity and the Spirit of Evil are playing at chess for the souls of men: the Genius of Humanity has lost to his infernal adversary some of his principal pieces—love, humility, innocence, and, lastly, peace of mind; but he still retains faith, truth and fortitude, and is sitting in a contemplative attitude, considering his next move—his adversary, who opposes him with pride, avarice, irreligion, luxury, and a host of evil passions, looks at him with a *Mephistophiles* expression, anticipating his devilish triumph. The pawns on the one side are prayers—on the other, doubts. A little behind stands the angel of conscience as arbitrator. In this most exquisite allegory, so beautifully, so clearly conveyed to the heart, there lurked a deeper moral than in many a sermon.

"There was another beautiful little allegory of love, in the character of a Picklock, opening, or trying to open, a variety of albums, lettered the 'Human Heart, No. 1'; 'Human Heart, No. 2'; while Philosophy lights him with her lantern. There were, besides, many other designs of equal poetry, beauty and moral interest—I think a whole portfolio full of them.

"I endeavoured to persuade Retzsch that he could not do better than publish some of these exquisite *Fancies*, and when I left him he entertained the idea of doing so at some future period. To adopt his own language, the Genius of Art could not present to the Genius of Humanity a more delightful and a more profitable gift."

CHINESE AMAZONS.—Among the camp followers of the insurgent chief who has been disturbing the heart of the empire, it was computed, in 1853, that there were in the city of Nankin alone about half a million women, collected from various parts of the country. These females were formed into brigades of 13,000, under female officers. Of these 10,000 were picked women, drilled and garrisoned in the citadel. The rest had the hard drudgery assigned them of digging moats, making earthworks, erecting batteries, &c.—*Milne's Life in China.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

A post-horse master of Lower Austria, who died in 1757, left a closed box, which he requested might remain in the family, and not be opened for a hundred years. In order to secure compliance with his wishes, he stated expressly in his will that the contents of the box were of no value, but would be regarded as curiosities in a century. A short time since, the box was opened, and it was found to contain a lady's bonnet, a purse, some playbills, placards, and engravings, some coins, a tinder-box, and other objects in use a century ago.

——SPARE MOMENTS.—As all bonnets take, it is admitted, *five minutes* to put on, and as in practice it is found that most of them require considerably *more* than that time, "husbands in waiting" will do well to follow the example of the Chancellor D'Aguisseau, who finding that his wife always kept him waiting a quarter of an hour after the dinner bell had rung, resolved to devote the time to writing a book on Jurisprudence, and putting the project in execution, in course of time produced a work in four quarto volumes.—*Notes and Queries.*

——Baron Humboldt, in an acknowledging answer to a telegraphic congratulation on his last birthday from the German naturalists assembled at Bonn, has communicated to the meeting that a new part of "Cosmos" (being the first section of the fourth and last volume) is to appear in the course of the present month. It will contain, in about forty printed sheets, the introductory chapters of a detailed description of the various telluric phenomena, thus presenting, with the second section of this volume still to follow, the counterpart to the detailed picture of Uranology, as given in the third volume.—*London Athenæum.*

——Mr. MacGregor Laird, who is extensively engaged in the African trade, has, at the request of Lord Palmerston, forwarded to the Manchester Commercial Association four garments manufactured wholly by Africans from the native cotton. The garments come from Kano, an important town of Sudan, the emporium of the kingdom of Haussa, lat. 12 deg. N., long. 9 deg. 20 min. E. The cotton fabric is somewhat coarse, but very soft, and it is woven in breadths of only 2 1-2 inches or 3 inches. Three of them are of striped material—red and white, red with thin lines of black and white (very much resembling some of the common Scotch table covers), and two shades of blue; and the fourth has a kind of gray, tweed-like look. The dyes are strong and apparently very good.

——OUR LANGUAGE.—The Dublin *University Magazine* says: Dictionary English is something very different not only from common colloquial English, but even from that of ordinary written composition. Instead of about 40,000 words, there is probably no single author in the language from whose works, however voluminous, so many as 10,000 words could be collected. Of the 40,000 words there are certainly many more than one-half that are only employed, if they are ever employed at all, on the rarest occasions. We should any of us be surprised to find, if we counted them, with how small a number of words we managed to express all that we have to say either with our lips or even with the pen. Our common library English probably hardly extends to 10,000 words, our common spoken English hardly to 5,000.

——TEARS AND BLUSHES.—The poet Goëthe, being once in the company of a mother who had occasion to reprove her young daughter, just budding into womanhood, when he saw the young girl blush and burst into tears, said: "How beautiful your reproof has made your daughter. The crimson hue and those silver tears become her better than any ornament of gold or pearls. These may be hung on the neck of a wanton; but those are never seen disconnected with moral purity. A full blown rose, besprinkled with the purest dew, is not so beautiful as this child blushing beneath her parent's displeasure, and shedding tears of sorrow for her fault. A blush is the sign which nature hangs out to show where chasity and honour dwell."

——DISCOVERY OF THE TOMB OF HIPPOCRATES.—The *Esperance* of Athens states that near the village of Arnaoutli, not far from Pharsalia, a tomb has just been discovered which has been ascertained to be that of Hippocrates, the great physician, an inscription clearly enunciating the fact. In the tomb a gold ring was found, representing a serpent—the symbol of the medical art in antiquity—as well as a small gold chain attached to a thin piece of gold having the appearance of a band for the head. There was also lying with these articles a bronze bust, supposed to be that of Hippocrates himself. These objects, as well as the stone which bears the inscription, were delivered up to Housin Pacha, Governor of Thessaly, who at once forwarded them to Constantinople.

——HORTICULTURAL DISCOVERY.—In a late number of the *Emporio Italiano* we find a description of a discovery of a new process by an Italian florist in Aricia, by which it is asserted that delightful fragrance may be bestowed upon plants naturally inodourous. In order to attain this object the roots are covered with fragrant manures. Thus, with a decoction of roses, the discoverer has been enabled to give to the Rhododendron the perfect fragrance of the rose. In order to secure a successful result, it is necessary to treat the seeds of the plants to which it is desired to give fragrance. They are steeped two or three days in the required essence, then dried in the shade, and shortly afterwards are sown. If it is desired to change the natural odour of the plant for one more agreeable or more desirable, the strength of the essence is doubled or tripled, and a change must be made in the nutrition of the plant.

——THE MANAGEMENT OF COLOURS.—I never saw a piece of porcelain, however trifling, nor the most paltry fan, nor little painted paper thing of any kind from China, which failed in harmony and effect, and did not furnish admirable suggestions and lessons. The beauty of the ornamental productions of India seems not to depend upon the quality of their component materials, nor to be regulated by the value of the ornament. I have an Indian rug made of wool such as the wool of this country, costing three or four rupees, in which the choice and management of colours are as refined as in the most expensive shawls of the Deccan or Tibet. So, too, with a fan from Madras; every artist to whom I have shown it has wondered at the fine effect achieved with the most paltry means; a glass bead, some Birmingham tinsel, a bit of blue and a bit of red cloth, some chippings of peacock's feathers, a bunch of pink floss silk—these of themselves poor materials, arranged by fine taste, become the principal ornament of a fan made of the feathers of the Argus pheasant, supported by an exquisitely carved ivory handle, and decorated with a handsome tassal of gold thread and